



CRIME

MAY
no.63
10¢

PDC

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

CHARLES
BIRO

THE FOUR
GRAND THAT
TRIXIE'S HOLDIN' AN'
THE FEW BUCKS I GOT
WILL GET US TO MEXICO
IN FAIR STYLE!
**TRIXIE, TRIXIE,
TRIXIE! WAIT-
DON'T GO
WITHOUT ME!
TRIXIE!**

BANG
BANG

U.S.
BON

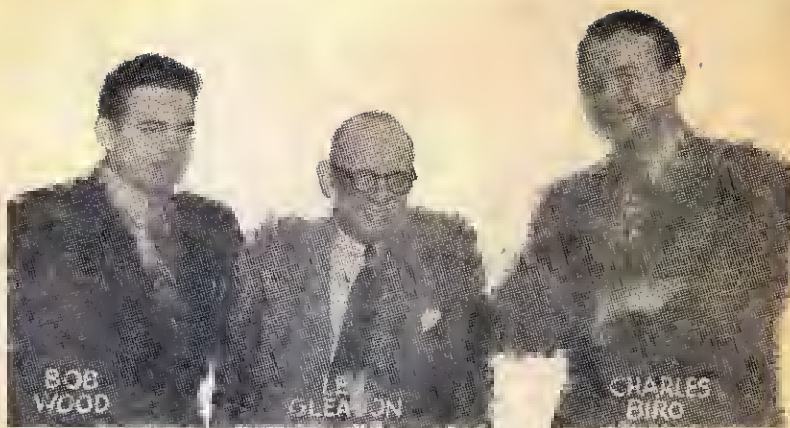
SAVE
you that
FUTURE





WEB COMIC
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A Message from—



A copy of the following letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributor to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here would help to better acquaint you with the care and attention that all material published in our magazines is given.

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings and backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

FELIX SLOPER

HE SAID, "NOBODY AN' NOTHIN' MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN", BUT HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM AND HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH 'EM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S GOT AGAINST YOU, MAC, BUT THIS LADY SAYS YOU'RE CARRYING A GUN! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU, BUDDY! RAISE YOUR HANDS AND TURN AROUND!

LADY?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! SHE'S A CEXX!! LIAR! SHE'S JUST TRYIN' TO GET ME IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HER THE BRUSH OFF AN' SHE CAN'T TAKE IT!

LIAR, AM I? JUST LOOK IN HIS HIP-POCKET--YOU'LL FIND A .32 AUTOMATIC, LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WHAT'S A MATTER, YA DRIED UP OLD PRUNE--DON'T YA WANNA LIVE NO MORE?

IF YOU ASK ME, NOBODY AND NOTHING MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN--THAT IS, FOR BOYS IN MY PROFESSION! EVER SINCE EVE, THEY'VE BEEN TURNING MAN'S PARADISE INTO CHAOS WITH THEIR BEWITCHING BEAUTY, THEIR VENOMOUS VENGEFULNESS! A SMART OPERATOR NEEDS A DAME LIKE HE NEEDS A HOLE IN THE HEAD! DIDN'T BILLY THE KID KICK IN THE DUST BECAUSE OF A DARK-EYED SENORITA? DIDN'T DILLINGER BLEED HIS LIFE OUT IN A CHICAGO ALLEY, BECAUSE HE KEPT A DATE WITH A RED-HEAD? BEWARE, FELIX SLOPER, BEWARE--DEATH WEARS A DIMPLE--DEATH IS A DISH WHOSE SMILES CAN MAKE YOUR HEART STAND STILL--FOREVER!



GEORGE
TUSKA

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.

to editors

WILL FELIX SLOPER, CRIMINAL, HEED THE WISDOM-WORN VOICE OF MR. CRIME? WILL HE ESCAPE THE PITFALL OF A WOMAN'S KISS--OR WILL HE PERISH IN THE PERFUME OF HER POISONOUS CHARMS? SLOPER'S LIFE-AND-DEATH DECISION IS THE HEART-THUMPING, FIST-SMASHING TALE OF "THE GIRL-CRAZY GUNMAN!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU KNOW HOW YOU SOMETIMES LOOK AT AN ACORN AND MARVEL AT THE OAK TREE IT WILL SOME DAY BECOME? WELL, THAT'S HOW I FELT ABOUT FELIX SLOPER—BY THE TIME HE WAS THIRTEEN—IN 1910—IN SAN FRANCISCO, FELIX HAD COMMITTED THREE GENUINE ROBBERIES!



NONE OF THOSE SNATCH-PURSE, SHOP-LIFTING, NURSERY SCHOOL THINGS! HIS WAS FULL-BLOWN STUFF—BACKED UP BY A KNIFE, OR A PIECE OF PLUMBING!

LADY—I SEEN YOU CHANGE A BIG BILL IN THE GROCERY STORE! COME ACROSS, OR YOU'LL SPEND IT ON DOCTOR BILLS!

N.O! HELP, POLICE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT? IF YOU THINK MORE OF YER LOUSY DOUGH THAN YER GOOD HEALTH, YOU GOT IT COMIN' TO YA!

YES, EVEN THEN, BACK IN HIS ACORN DAYS, WOMEN WERE GIVING FELIX TROUBLE!

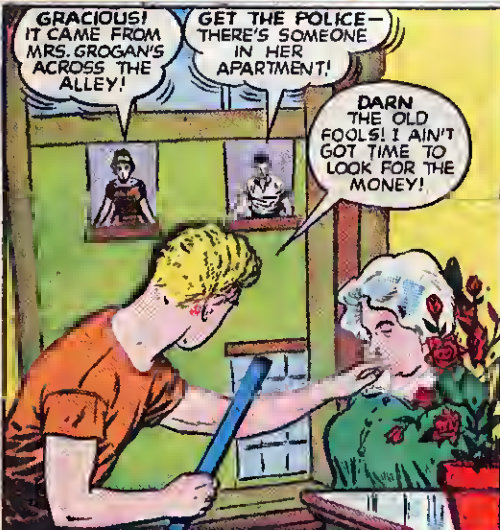
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! HEL...



GRACIOUS! IT CAME FROM MRS. GROGAN'S ACROSS THE ALLEY!

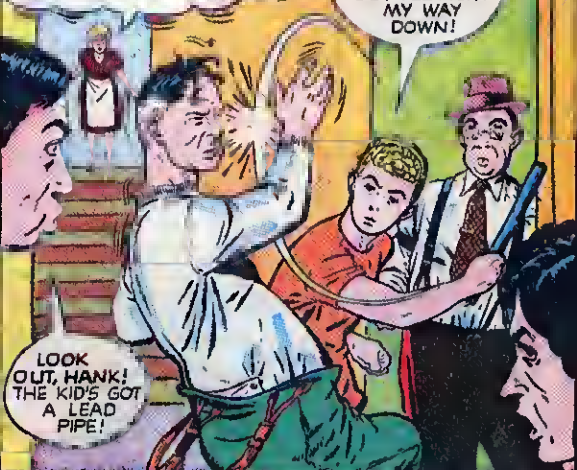
GET THE POLICE—THERE'S SOMEONE IN HER APARTMENT!

DARN THE OLD FOOLS! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO LOOK FOR THE MONEY!



STOP HIM! HE JUST RAN OUT OF MRS. GROGAN'S APARTMENT! I SAW HIM!

COOL!! FOUR FLIGHTS TO GO, BUT I'LL FIGHT MY WAY DOWN!



LOOK OUT, HANK! THE KID'S GOT A LEAD PIPE!

ONLY WINGS COULDN'T SAVED FELIX THAT DAY! HE GOT AS FAR AS THE THIRD LANDING—THEN HE WAS STOPPED! NOW IF HE'D HAD A GUN—BUT HO-HUM AND ALAS, HE DIDN'T!

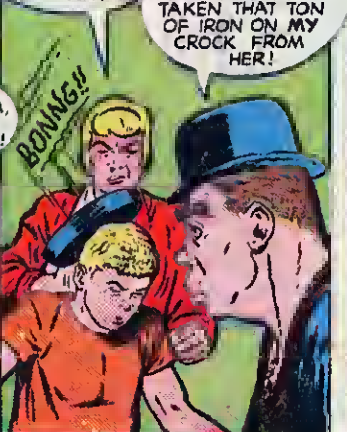
LET ME GO, YOU @#!#! OR I'LL KILL YA!

LET ME AT HIM, THE DIRTY BRAT!



IF IT'S HEADS YOU WANT BROKEN... YOU MEAN LITTLE HOODLUM!

YER GOOSE IS COOKED, YA RASCAL, AN' I OUGHTA KNOW—MANY'S THE TIME I'VE TAKEN THAT TON OF IRON ON MY CROCK FROM HER!



VERY NEAT, MRS. TUMEY! YOU NEVER GAVE YOUR HUSBAND A BETTER WHACK! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS YOUNG SCALLYWAG FOR WEEKS! HOW'S MRS. GROGAN?

SHE'S STILL BLEEDIN' ABOUT THE EARS, CLANCY! WE'D BEST CALL AN AMBULANCE!

IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF SHE DON'T DIE—POOR SOUL!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LUCKILY FOR YOU, FELIX, MRS. GROGAN WILL RECOVER! THE POLICE HAVE BEEN AFTER YOU FOR WEEKS! TRUANCY, DISORDERLY CONDUCT AND BURGLARY ARE ONLY SOME OF THE CHARGES! THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU IN THE FUTURE, THOUGH—THE REFORMATORY IS GOING TO BE YOUR NEW ADDRESS!

STOP IT—YOU'RE BREAKIN' MY HEART!



TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD TIMER, BOY, REFORM! IF YOU'D BEEN OLDER, YOU'D BE WORKING OFF A LONG STRETCH—MAYBE TEN YEARS OR MORE!

BUNK! IF I'D BEEN OLDER, I MIGHTA' HAD A GUN! NOBODY WOULD'A COME NEAR ME!



ON SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1912, FELIX WAS PAROLED—NOT MUCH THE WORSE FOR WEAR, I WAS PROUD TO SEE!

GET 'EM UP!

THE HECK WITH THAT MOVIE STUFF, PETE! PUT 'EM TO SLEEP SO THEY CAN'T HOLLER!



WHO KNOWS WHERE SLOPER IS? HE'S ABSENT AGAIN! THAT SCOUNDREL HASN'T BEEN PRESENT ONE DAY ALL TERM!

MR. BROWN, I SAW FELIX YESTERDAY! HE SAID HE'S NEVER COMING BACK! HE SAID SCHOOLS ARE FOR SUCKERS WHO HAVE TO WORK FOR THEIR LIVING! HE SAYS SMART GUYS LIKE HIM KNOW EASIER WAYS!

HA, HA, HA! HOW SMART CAN A GUY GET?



YOU'RE THE CHIEF OF POLICE—DO SOMETHING! PART OF SLOPER'S PAROLE AGREEMENT WAS REGULAR SCHOOL ATTENDANCE! SLOPER SHOULD BE PUNISHED AND MADE AN EXAMPLE OF FOR THE REST OF THE STUDENTS! HE'S BEEN DEMORALIZING THEM WITH HIS IMPUDENT CONDUCT!

I QUITE AGREE—WE'VE GOT A DETECTIVE LOOKING FOR SLOPER RIGHT NOW! HE'S BEEN UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS!

SLOPER? HE LEFT A WHILE AGO, AN' HE DIDN'T SAY WHERE HE WAS GOIN'!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE'D TELL YOU IF WE DID KNOW!



SURE, HE STOPPED FOR A DRINK, AN' I SERVED HIM! WHAT D'YA MEAN—I SERVED A MINOR? HOW SHOULD I KNOW HE'S FIFTEEN? HE ACTS TWICE HIS AGE!

WELL, NOW YOU KNOW! SERVE A KID ANOTHER SLUG AND I'LL PADLOCK THIS PEST-HOLE FOR KEEPS!



SAM, CAN YOU REMEMBER WHERE SLOPER WENT—YOU MAY BE LOOKIN' FOR A FAVOR SOME DAY!

NOW IT ALL COMES BACK TO ME—A RICH UNCLE OF HIS DIED LAST NIGHT AND LEFT HIM SOME DOUGH! ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS! HE'S CELEBRATING AT THE DANCE HALL!

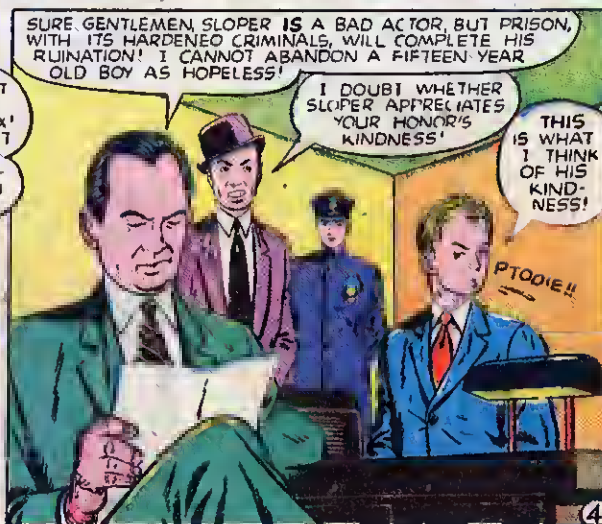
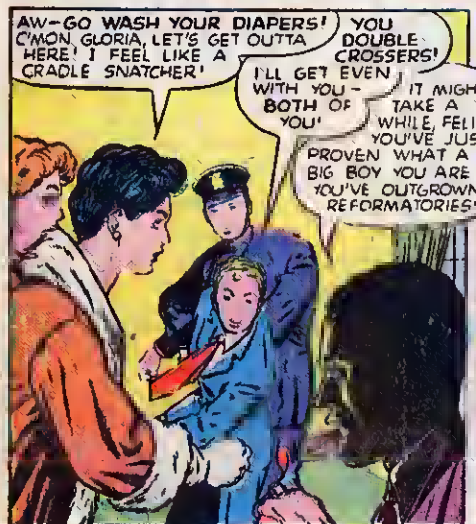
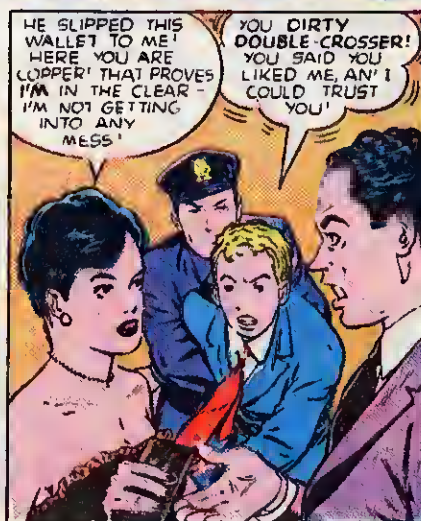
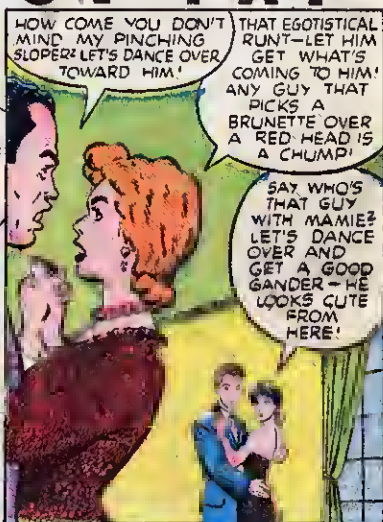


HEY, SONNY, IS THEM THE KIND OF DIPLOMAS THEY'RE GIVING AWAY IN SCHOOL THESE DAYS? IF SO, I'M GOING BACK!

WHAT? THEY DON'T GET PRETTY PAPER LIKE THIS! THEY ONLY GET SHEEPSKIN! IF THEY'RE SHEEP LONG ENOUGH, THEY GRADUATE!



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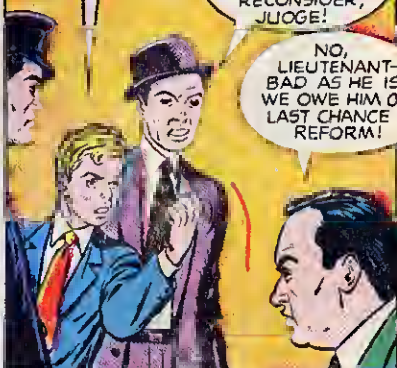


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHAT KINDNESS? STICKIN' ME IN WITH A BUNCH OF BABIES! I'LL BREAK OUT-I'LL BUST EVERY LAW IN THAT CRUMMY KINOERGARTEN!

YOUR HONOR, I'VE SEEN THIS KID'S TYPE-HE'S BAD, ALL BAD! HE'S GONNA RUIN THE OTHER KIDS THERE! PRISON IS THE ONLY PLACE FOR HIM-PLEASE RECONSIDER, JUUGE!

NO, LIEUTENANT-BAD AS HE IS, WE OWE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE TO REFORM!

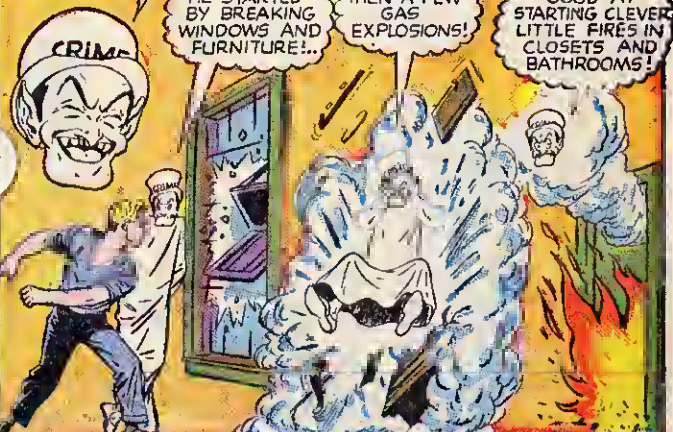


FROM THE OAY HE ARRIVED, OCTOBER 2ND, 1912, FELIX LED THOSE REFORMATORY SAINTS A MERRY CHASE! HO, HO, WHAT HE DIDN'T DO-WHAT A GENIUS FOR SABOTAGE-WATCH THE WAY HE WENT TO TOWN!

HE STARTED BY BREAKING WINDOWS AND FURNITURE!!

THEN A FEW GAS EXPLOSIONS!

HE WAS GOOD AT STARTING CLEVER LITTLE FIRES IN CLOSETS AND BATHROOMS!



AN UNPRECEDENTED EPIDEMIC OF DISCONTENT AFFLICTED THE STUDENTS! EACH DAY ENDED WITH A NEAR RIOT!

BREAK IT UP, SLOPER!! OOOOF!!

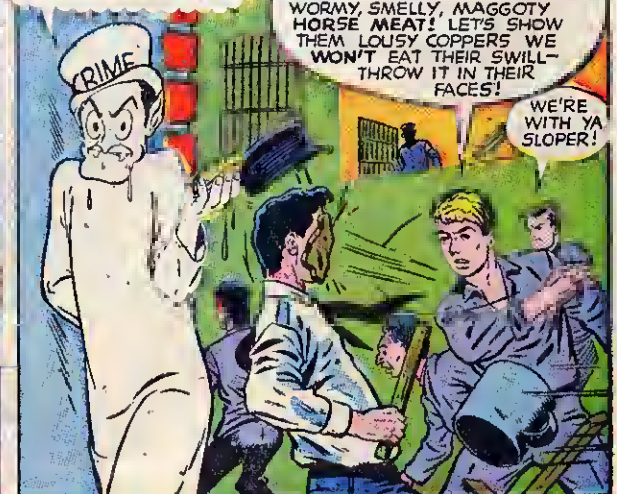
TURN ON THAT HOSE!!



IN THE MESS HALL THERE WERE FREE FOR ALLS!

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THIS GARBAGE IS? IT'S HORSE MEAT-WORMY, SMELLY, MAGGOTY HORSE MEAT! LET'S SHOW THEM LOUSY COPPERS WE WON'T EAT THEIR SWILL-THROW IT IN THEIR FACES!

WE'RE WITH YA SLOPER!



WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS? OF COURSE, IT'S SLOPER! THE TWO WEEK SOLITARY YOU GAVE HIM FOR PUNCHING HIS ENGLISH TEACHER DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD!

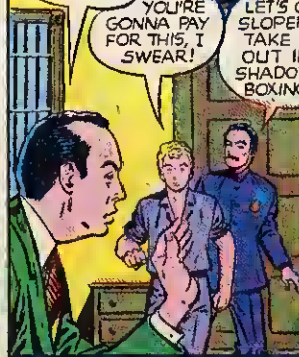
SO I SEE-BRING HIM TO ME WHEN YOU'VE GOTTEN THIS RIOT UNDER CONTROL!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME TRYING TO MAKE US SEND YOU TO PRISON, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE TILL 1918, AND EVERY MINUTE OF IT, IF NEED BE, IN SOLITARY-UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO BE A HUMAN BEING!

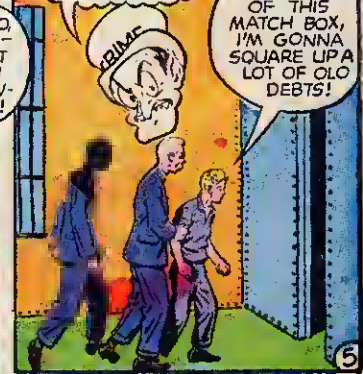
YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THIS, I SWEAR!

LET'S GO SLOPER-TAKE IT OUT IN SHADOW-BOXING!



THEY WANT TO SMASH YOUR WILL-BREAK YOUR NERVE! OUT-FOX THEM, FELIX-CHANGE TACTICS-PRETEND, ACT, MAKE 'EM THINK IT'S SAFE TO TRUST YOU-THEN MAKE SUCKERS OUT OF 'EM! IN MY RACKET YOU GOTTA PLAY POSSUM SOMETIMES!

WHEN I BUST OUT OF THIS MATCH BOX, I'M GONNA SQUARE UP A LOT OF OLO DEBTS!



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THIS BOOK WAS SWELL, BEN! CAN I READ ANOTHER ONE TONIGHT?

SURE, HELP YOURSELF, FELIX! HEY, YOU'RE NOT SICK, ARE YOU? I MEAN, YOU READING BOOKS IS LIKE A LEOPARD CHANGING ITS SPOTS.



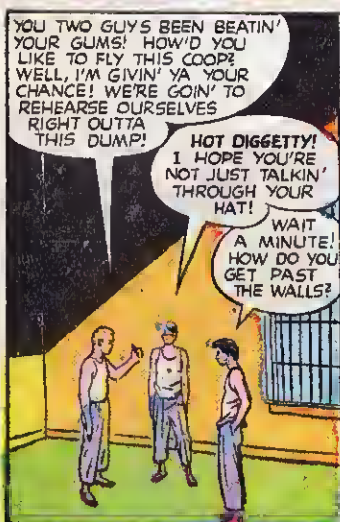
SLOPER HAS CHANGED, SIR! TAKING AWAY HIS PRIVILEGES HAS MADE HIM SEE THINGS STRAIGHT! HE'S COOPERATIVE, STUDIOUS AND POLITE! I THINK HE'S A SAFE BET FROM NOW ON!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT! OUR JOB IS TO HELP THESE BULL-HEADED YOUNGSTERS BEN! YOU MAY RESTORE SLOPER'S PRIVILEGES!



SLOPER'S SUGGESTION OF HOLDING AN EASTER PAGEANT IS A FINE ONE! WE CAN REHEARSE IN THE AUDITORIUM AFTER DINNER! IN THE MEANTIME, BRUSH UP THOSE WEAK SPOTS IN YOUR SCRIPT, FELIX!

DON'T WORRY, SIR, I WILL!



YOU TWO GUYS BEEN BEATIN' YOUR GUMS! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FLY THIS COOP? WELL, I'M GIVIN' YA YOUR CHANCE! WE'RE GOIN' TO REHEARSE OURSELVES RIGHT OUTTA THIS DUMP!

HOT DIGGETTY! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT JUST TALKIN' THROUGH YOUR HAT!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DO YOU GET PAST THE WALLS?



THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, LOUIE! YOU GOT A SISTER—I SEEN HER LAST MONTH, WHEN SHE CAME TO VISIT YOU! IF SHE GETS A CAR OUTSIDE THAT WALL AT THE RIGHT TIME, EVERYTHING'S ON ICE!

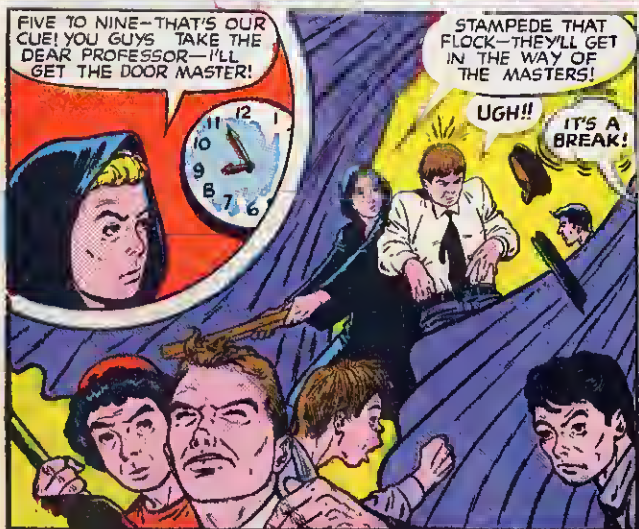
OKAY, FELIX, I'LL WRITE TO GRACE, BUT I'M NOT GUARANTEEING ANYTHING!



HEY, LOUIE, BLACK SHEEP, C'MERE!

IT'S OKAY, LOUIE—THE SCREWS ARE OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM! WELL, WHAT DID YOUR SISTER SAY?

WE'RE ALL SET—SHE'LL BE OUTSIDE THE WALL AT NINE O'CLOCK, THE NIGHT OF MARCH 13TH!



FIVE TO NINE—THAT'S OUR CUE! YOU GUYS TAKE THE DEAR PROFESSOR—I'LL GET THE DOOR MASTER!



STAMPEDE THAT FLOCK—THEY'LL GET IN THE WAY OF THE MASTERS!

UGH!!

IT'S A BREAK!



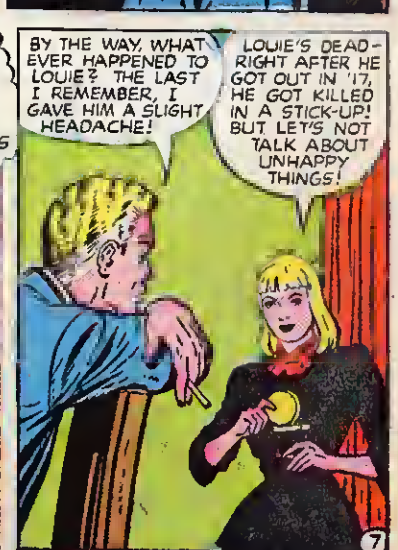
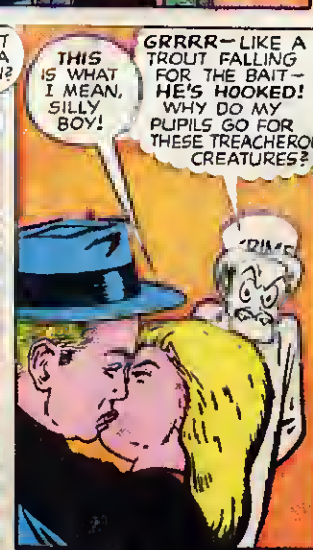
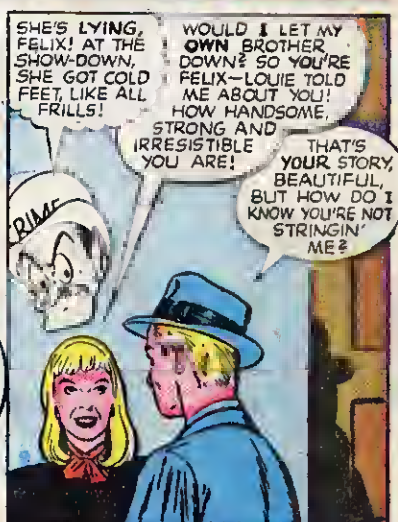
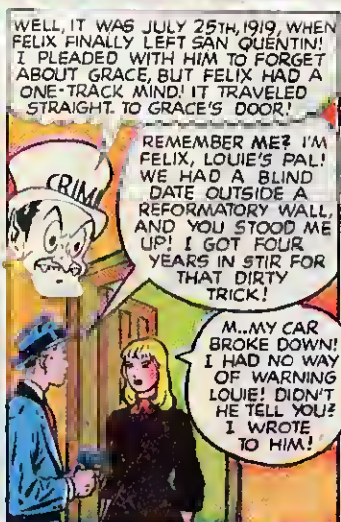
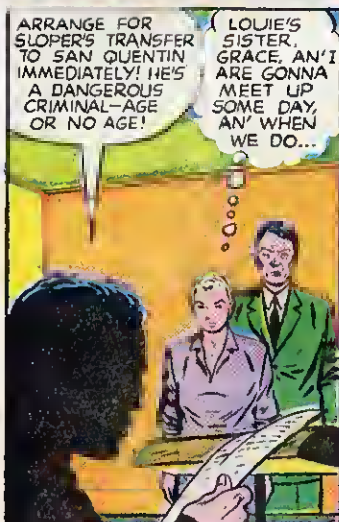
PERFECT INTERFERENCE—THEY DIDN'T SEE US! C'MON, GET OVER THE WALL!

HEY, I DON'T SEE NO CAR!

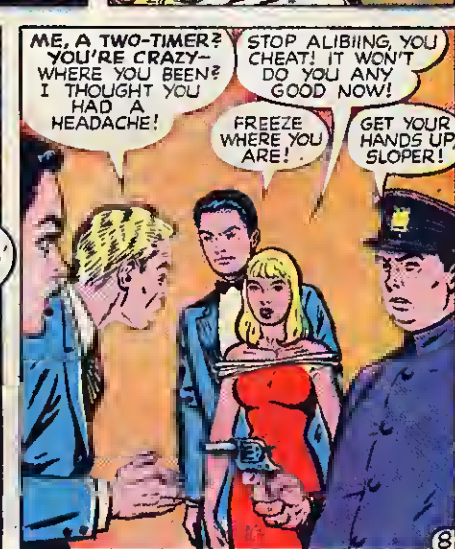
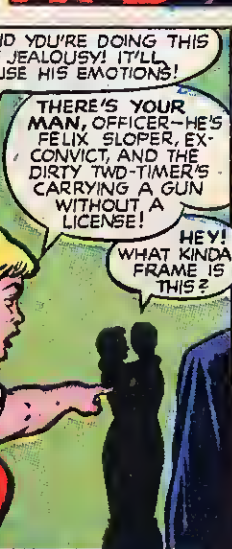
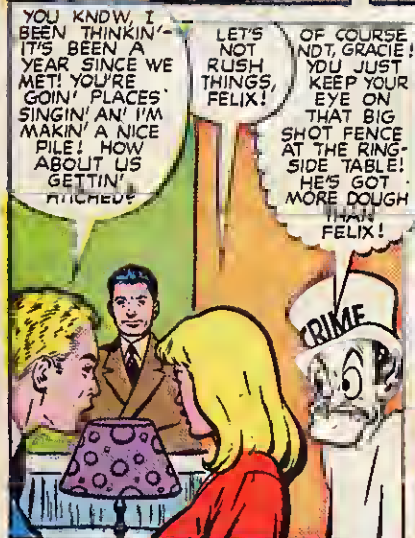
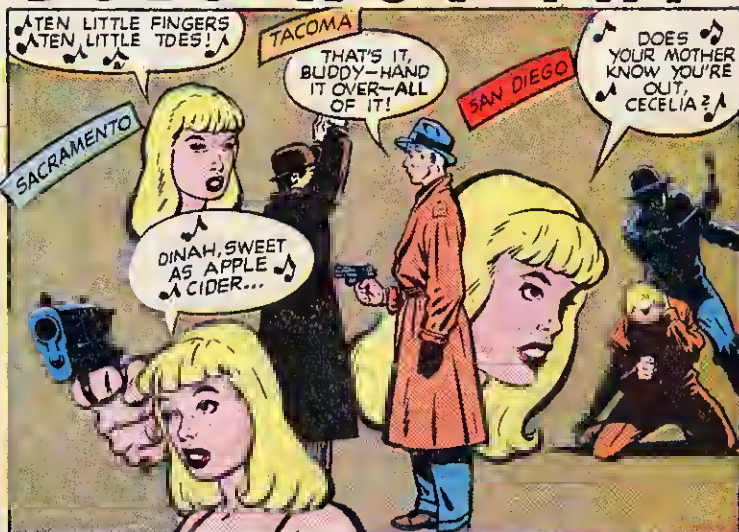
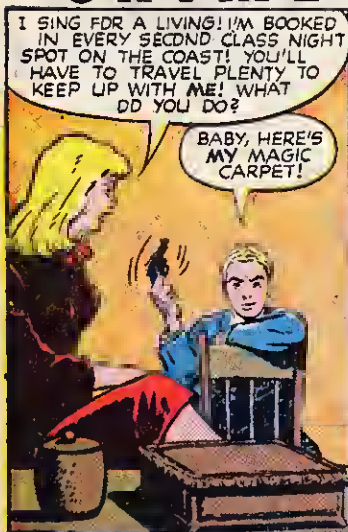
MAYBE IT'S BEHIND A BUSH, OR SOMETHIN'! GIVE US A HAND!

OKAY, HOLD ON TO MY SHOULDER!

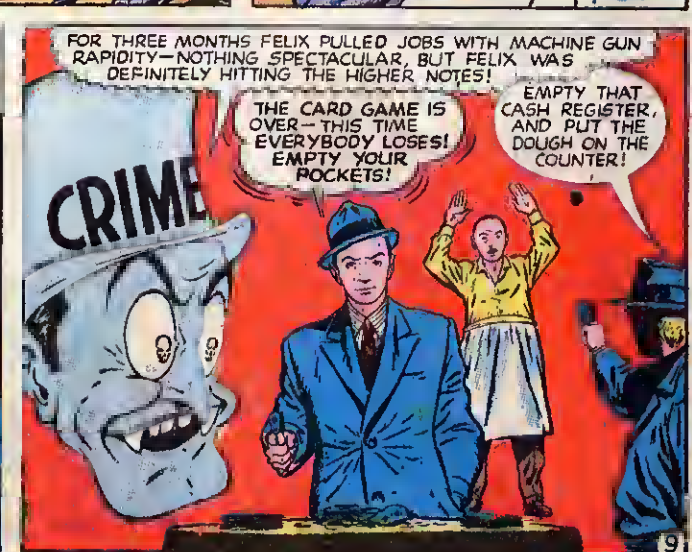
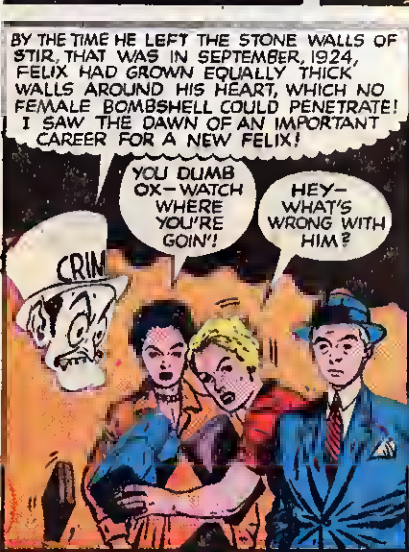
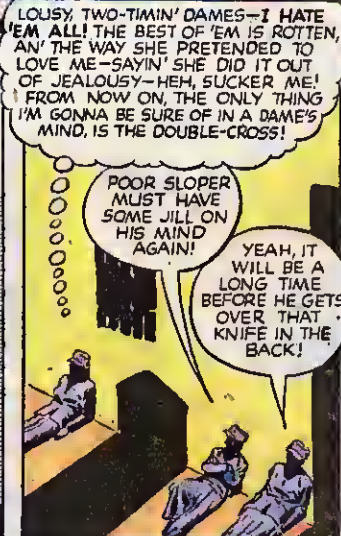
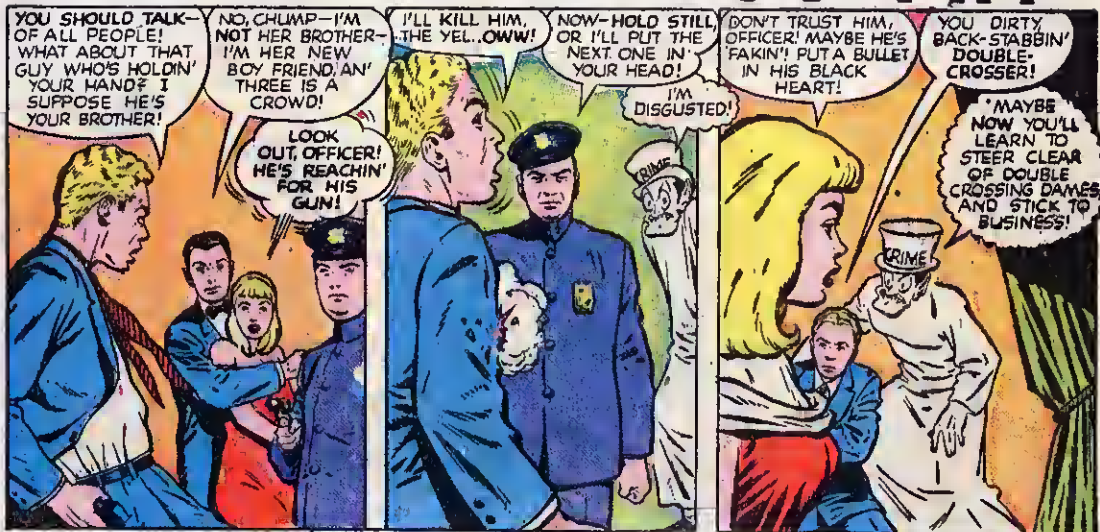
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I WAS SO COMPLETELY STUNNED BY WHAT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT EARLY IN DECEMBER, I ALMOST DROPPED DEAD FROM SURPRISE! IT STARTED OUT AS ONE OF FELIX'S ROUTINE HEISTS!



YOU'VE GOT SOME NERVE! WHY DON'T YOU DIG UP YOUR OWN WORMS?

SHUT UP, SISTER! I HATE DAMES WORSE THAN POISON!

THAT'S MY HUNDRED BUCKS YOU TOOK FROM HIM! I INTENDED TO ROLL THIS GEB MYSELF! THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS SPLIT THE TAKE FIFTY-FIFTY!



W.WHAT? YOU WERE ONLY AFTER MY DOUGH? WHY, YOU...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, YOU JUST WANNA SAVE YOUR SWEETIE HALF HIS PAY!



MY SWEETIE?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH-DOES THIS MAKE HIM LOOK LIKE MY SWEETIE?



NOW HOW ABOUT THAT SPLIT?

HEY, STEP OVER HERE-HMM...YOU LOOK A LOT DIFFERENT IN THE LIGHT! WHAT D'YA SAY WE DISCUSS THIS OVER A COUPLE OF BEERS! HOW'S ABOUT IT?



HERE'S THE FIFTY-THIS COULD HAPPEN EVERY DAY, IF WE WORKED TOGETHER! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GROW ATTACHED TO ME?

I GET ATTACHED TO MONEY! IF THE GUY IS THE STRING THE PURSE IS ATTACHED TO. THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!



BUT THE GUY I COULD REALLY GO FOR HAS TO BE ABLE TO SNUGGLE UP TO MORE IMPORTANT MONEY-BANK MONEY-AN' STUFF LIKE THAT!

WITH THE RIGHT KIND OF INSPIRATION, I COULD CLEAN OUT THE MINT! I WAS PLANNIN' ON A BANK JOB! I HAD IT ALL SET, BUT ALL I NEEDED WAS A CHAUFFEUR!

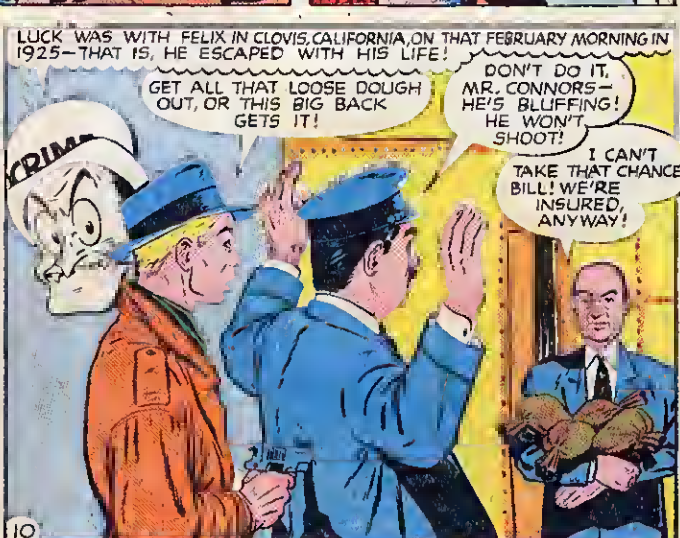
SLOPER, YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO IMPRESS HER! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RISKY BUSINESS OF BANK ROBBERY?



I CAN DRIVE! WHERE'S THIS BANK? I BELIEVE IN DOING A THING WHILE IT'S HOT! HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR ARTILLERY?

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT-YOUR VANTY HAS COOKED YOUR GOOSE!

I'VE GOT ALL I NEED-A JOB! I TRAVEL LIGHT!



LUCK WAS WITH FELIX IN CLOVIS, CALIFORNIA, ON THAT FEBRUARY MORNING IN 1925-THAT IS, HE ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE!

GET ALL THAT LOOSE DOUGH OUT, OR THIS BIG BACK GETS IT!

DON'T DO IT, MR. CONNORS-HE'S BLUFFING! HE WON'T SHOOT!

I CAN'T TAKE THAT CHANCE, BILL! WE'RE INSURED, ANYWAY!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY.



NOW I'M GETTING MORE ATTACHED TO YOU, FELIX—NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND—SAY, THAT'S NOT BAD! NOW WE CAN START LIVING RIGHT! GIVE YOUR PARTNER A BIG KISS!



SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS A SMALL-TIMER, EH, TRIXIE? I TOLD YOU STICK-UPS WAS ONLY MY FILL-IN STUFF! BANKS ARE MY REAL MEAT, BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU GOTTA KNOW, BABY, AN' MAKE WHAT I TELL YA STICK—DON'T CROSS ME!

IF I DID, IT WOULD BE LIKE DOUBLE-CROSSING MYSELF! WHAT A SAP I'D BE!

MAYBE I'M WRONG ABOUT THIS DAME BEING A JINX!



IT'S A CINCH HE WAS NEW AT THE BANK GAME! HE LEFT HIS PAW PRINTS ALL OVER THIS SERVICE TABLE!

HE WAS STANDING THERE FOR A WHILE, PRETENDING TO BE MAKING OUT A DEPOSIT SLIP! THEN HE SHOVED HIS GUN IN MY BACK!

IF THE GUY HAS A RECORD, HE'S A DEAD DUCK! WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

THEY FOUND A RECORD, ALL RIGHT! IN A MATTER OF DAYS, FELIX SLOPER'S MUG WAS GLARING FROM EVERY NEWSPAPER AND POST OFFICE IN CALIFORNIA!



SLOPER IS FIVE FEET EIGHT INCHES...WEIGHT 160...BLOND HAIR...

WHAT YOU NEED TO HIDE IN, MISTER OSTRICH, IS A BUCKET OF SAND—AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SMART OPERATOR!

STOP RIDIN' ME, WILL YA, TRIXIE? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO FRISCO! I'LL GET LOST EASY IN THAT BIG TOWN, SO STOP FLAPPIN' YOUR JAW!

WHAT GOOD IS YOUR MONEY IN THIS CRUMMY HIDEOUT? GET WISE TO YOURSELF—YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A DECENT MEAL IN WEEKS! WHAT A STUMBLE-BUM I TIED UP WITH!

WHAT DO YA WANT ME TO DO—SURRENDER TO THE NEAREST COP? I PULLED THAT CLOVIS JOB FOR YOU—THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS STOP NEEDLING ME!

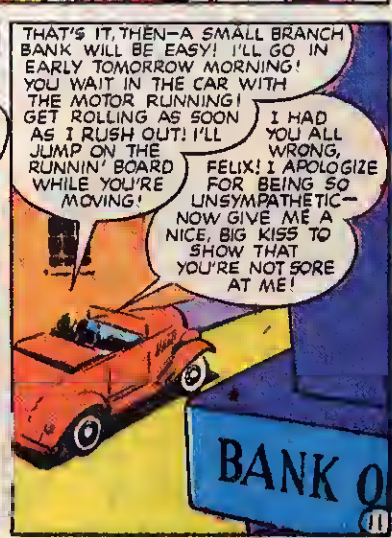


I CAN'T LIVE LIKE A RAT IN A HOLE—I'M YOUNG! I NEED A GOOD TIME! EITHER I GET IT, OR I WALK OUT ON YOU—THAT'S HOW IT IS! START THINKING, BIG SHOT, BECAUSE AFTER TONIGHT, I'M FREE LANCING!

FOR TWO CENTS I'D SAY GO TO...HEY!

LOOK AT THIS AD, TRIXIE, IT'S ALL ABOUT MEXICO CITY! WE'D BE SAFE OVER THE BORDER, IF I PULLED ONE MORE BIG JOB IN FRISCO! WE COULD LIVE LIKE KINGS THERE, UNTIL THINGS BLOW OVER!

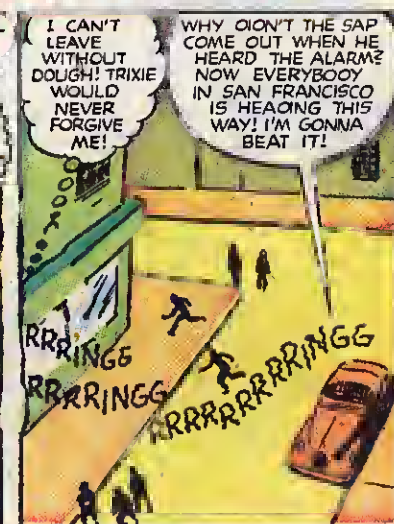
NOW YOU'RE TALKING—LET'S GET OUT AND LOOK THINGS OVER!



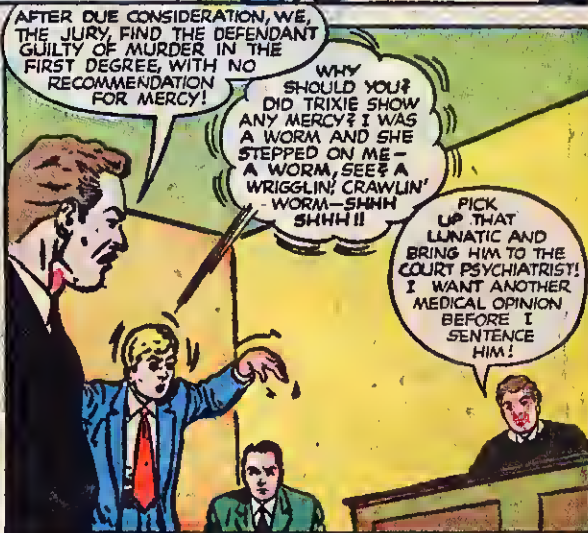
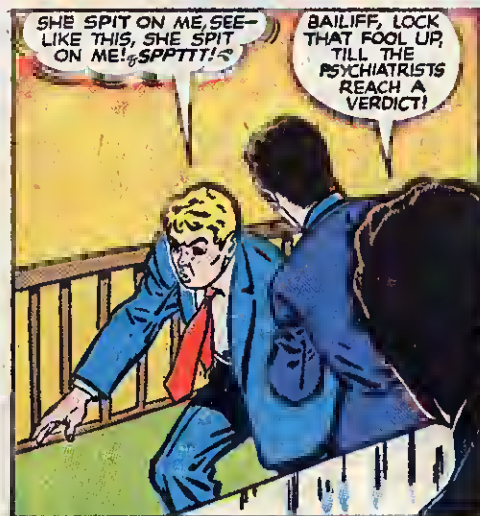
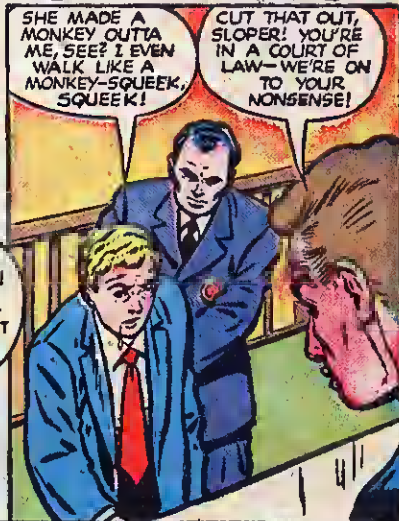
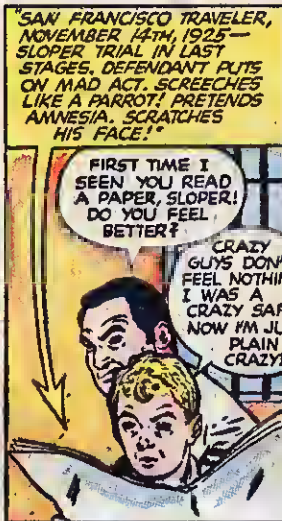
THAT'S IT, THEN—A SMALL BRANCH BANK WILL BE EASY! I'LL GO IN EARLY TOMORROW MORNING! YOU WAIT IN THE CAR WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING! GET ROLLING AS SOON AS I RUSH OUT! I'LL JUMP ON THE RUNNIN' BOARD WHILE YOU'RE MOVING!

I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, FELIX! I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SO UNSYMPATHETIC—NOW GIVE ME A NICE, BIG KISS TO SHOW THAT YOU'RE NOT SORE AT ME!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL by C.H. MOORE

HOLD THE PHONE!

THREE ARMED BANDITS
HELD UP A GAS STATION
IN Rahway, N.J.
THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER
WAS OFF THE HOOK AND
THE OPERATOR HEARD
THE BANDITS SAY
"STICK 'EM UP!"
THE TELEPHONE
OPERATOR NOTIFIED
THE POLICE AND
THEY GREETED
THE BANDITS AS
THEY WALKED OUT
OF THE GAS STATION!



MRS. RUTH McBRIDE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SURPRISED THE THIEF WHO TRIED TO
SNATCH HER PURSE - SHE CHASED
AND CAUGHT HIM IN AN ALLEY
AND GAVE HIM A BEATING!

C.H. MOORE



**THIS GUN
TAKES THE CAKE!**

A FRENCH CONVICT ESCAPED
FROM PRISON BY USING A GUN
MADE FROM CAKE CRUMBS!
HE MADE A PASTE OF THE
CRUMBS AND MOULDED THEM
INTO THE SHAPE OF A GUN!

**A
CHARLES
LITTLE**

ATTRACTED THE
ATTENTION OF
THE KANSAS POLICE

BECAUSE HE HAD GREEN HAIR!

QUESTIONED ABOUT IT - HE CONFESSED THAT
HE HAD DESERTED THE U.S. NAVY AND
HAD BLEACHED HIS HAIR
TO CHANGE HIS LOOKS
- IT TURNED GREEN!

-AND
WAS HIS
FACE RED!



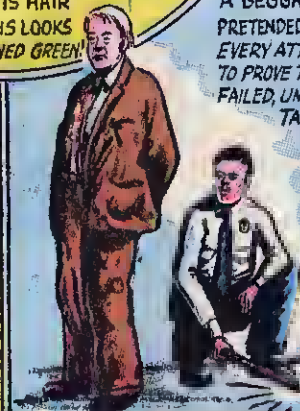
SAFES AND THEIR
LOCK MECHANISMS
ARE NOT PATENTED
BECAUSE THE PLANS
OF A PATENT ARE
PUBLIC PROPERTY
AND CAN BE SEEN BY
ANY CITIZEN!

-IT WOULD BE TOO
HELPFUL FOR CROOKS



SNEEZELESS SOAP POWDER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
ARREST OF EMANUEL CLIFTON, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ROB
A WAREHOUSE IN Washington, D.C. - THE BURGLAR ALARM
SOUNDED AND HE HID BEHIND SOME BOXES OF SNEEZELESS
SOAP POWDER - HE SNEEZED AND WAS CAPTURED!

A BEGGAR IN NEW YORK CITY
PRETENDED TO BE DEAF -
EVERY ATTEMPT OF THE POLICE
TO PROVE THAT HE COULD HEAR
FAILED, UNTIL ONE EXPERT
TAPPED A CLUB ON
THE FLOOR BEHIND
THE BEGGAR -
THE MAN DIDN'T
MOVE, WHICH WAS
PROOF THAT HE
COULD HEAR!
A DEAF PERSON
WOULD HAVE FELT
THE VIBRATION
AND TURNED ABOUT



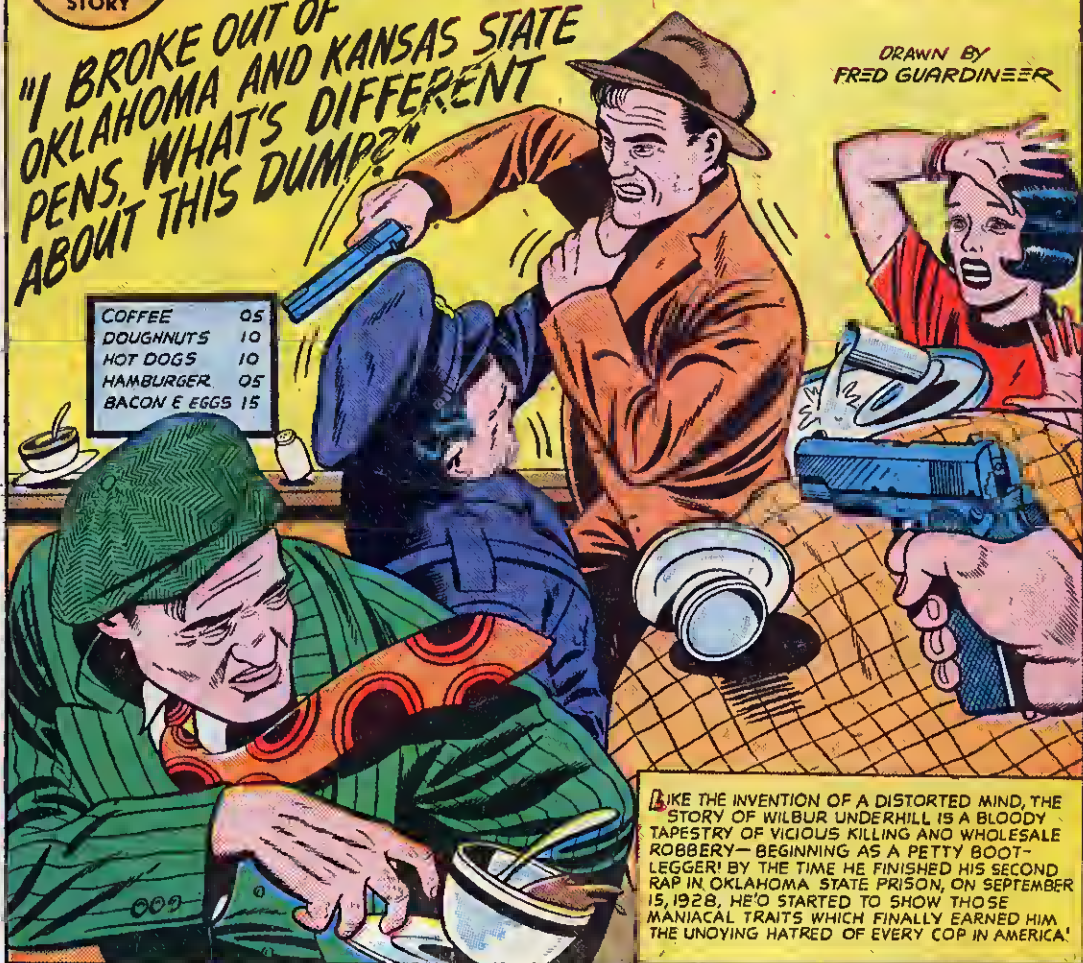
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WILBUR UNDERHILL

"I BROKE OUT OF OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS STATE PENS, WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS DUMP?"

DRAWN BY
FRED GUARDINEER



LIKE THE INVENTION OF A DISTORTED MIND, THE STORY OF WILBUR UNDERHILL IS A BLOODY TAPESTRY OF VICIOUS KILLING AND WHOLESOME ROBBERY—BEGINNING AS A PETTY BOOT-LEGGER! BY THE TIME HE FINISHED HIS SECOND RAP IN OKLAHOMA STATE PRISON, ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1928, HE' STARTED TO SHOW THOSE MANIACAL TRAITS WHICH FINALLY EARNED HIM THE UNOYING HATRED OF EVERY COP IN AMERICA!

IN JUST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM NOW, YOURS TRULY WILL WALK OUT OF HERE RIGHT INTO BIG TIME! NO MORE TWO-BIT JOBS FOR ME! I'M IN THE MONEY!

YEAH? AIN'T YOU FLYIN' A BIT HIGH, WILBUR?

YOU SAID IT! STRICTLY IN THE STRATOSPHERE WHERE DOUGH'S CONCERNED I GOT WORD FROM THE KIMES BROTHERS THAT THEY CAN USE A GUY LIKE ME! THEM BABIES HAVE HELD UP MORE BANKS THAN YOU GOT YEARS IN YOUR SENTENCE!

NO WONDER YOU'RE SWILIN'—YOU'LL BE TRAVELIN' IN FAST COMPANY—BUT GIVE YOURSELF TIME TO THINK IT OVER, PAL! BANKS AIN'T NOTHING TO PLAY AROUND WITH! I FOUND THAT OUT!

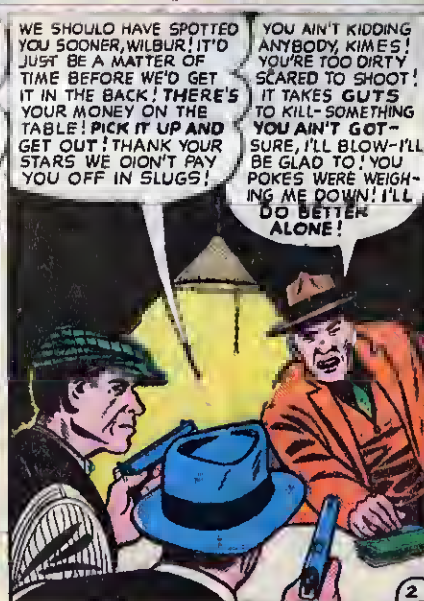
ALL RIGHT, UNDERHILL, SHOW US WHAT YOU BEEN LEARNIN' FROM OUR OTHER JOBS! NO BANG BANG STUFF HERE—LAY OFF! YOU UNDERSTAND?

YEAH, JOE, I KNOW! YOU GIVE ME THE SAME SONG AND DANCE AT EVERY JOB!

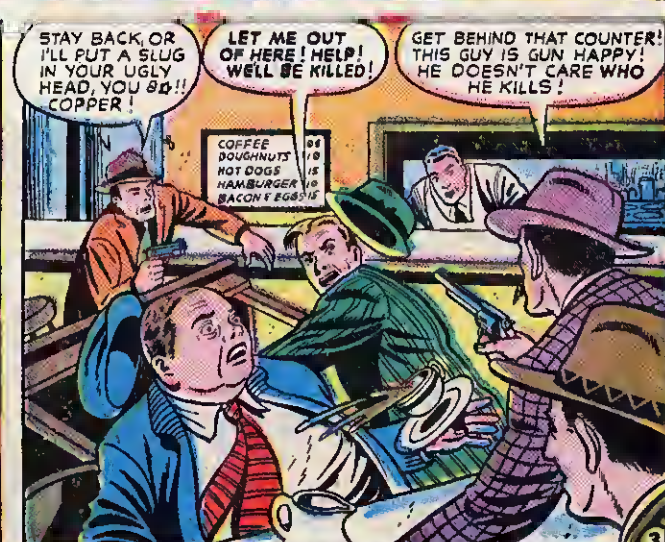
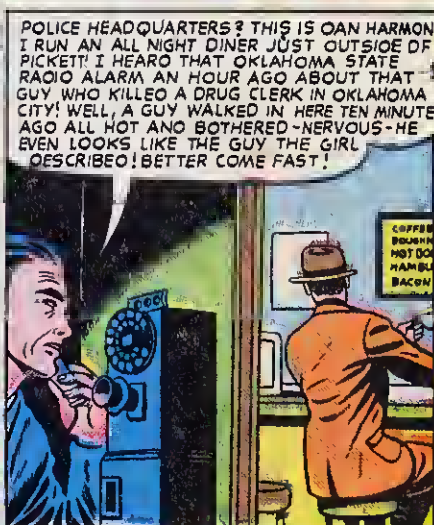
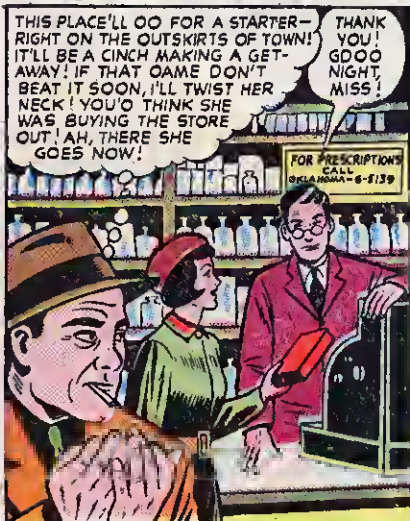
CLAYNESVILLE CITY BANK

1928
OCT
17

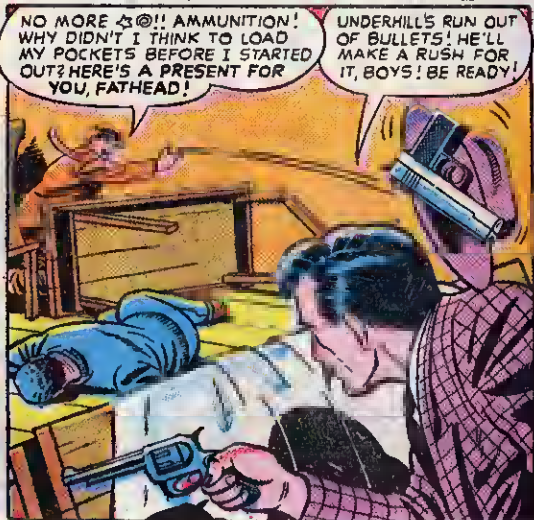
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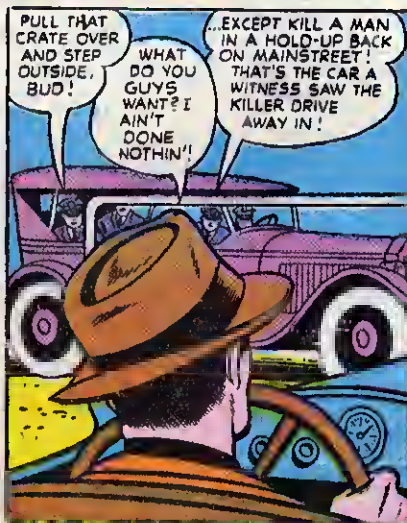
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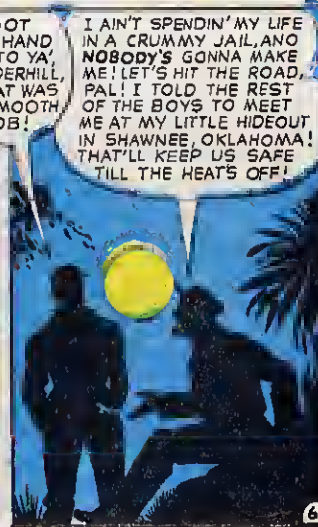
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



TALK UP PAIGE-YOU KNOW WHERE UNDERHILL WAS HEADED! WE DON'T HAVE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THIS STATE, BUT WE CAN, AND WE WILL LOCK YOU IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT UNTIL YOU ROT! MEN WERE KILLED IN THIS BREAK!

OKAY-IT'S UNDERHILL'S LIFE OR MINE! HE AND THE BOYS SAID THEY'D HOLE UP AT SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA!



SURROUND THE HOUSE COMPLETELY! WE WANT HIM DEAD OR ALIVE! FIRE AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES! WE'LL GIVE UNDERHILL A NEW YEAR'S EVE TO REMEMBER!



ALL RIGHT, UNDERHILL! COME OUT, OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

THERE YOU GO, COPS, BRAGGING AGAIN! I'LL KNOCK YOU SAPS OFF LIKE YOU WERE WOODEN INDIANS! TOMORROW BEING NEW YEAR'S-IM CELEBRATING WITH A BANG!



UGHH! THEY GOT ME IN THE ARM, THE LICE! IF THEY THINK I'M GONNA STAY HERE AND LET THEM SHOOT HOLES IN ME, THEY GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN'! I'M BEATIN' IT!

ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU WON'T GET TEN FEET!



I GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS! OH, WHAT'LL I DO? THEY'RE SHOOTIN AT ME! PLEASE, I DON'T WANNA DIE! CAN SOMEBODY HELP ME?



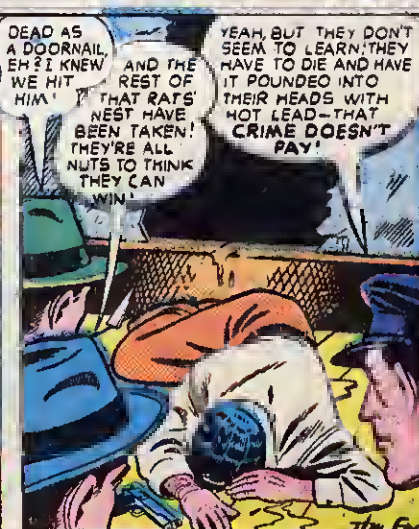
I'D SWEAR WE GOT A DOZEN SLUGS IN HIM! THAT GUY MUST HAVE MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!

WE COULDN'T HAVE MISSED, HE WAS TOO CLOSE! HE WON'T GET FAR! YOU MEN STAY AN' FINISH UP HERE! I'LL GO AFTER UNDERHILL!



THERE HE GOES! WHAT'S HE THINK HE'S DOIN'?

G-GOTTA REST! GASP! CAN'T SEE - BLOOD'S IN MY EYES - GASP!



DEAD AS A DOORNAIL, EH? I KNEW WE HIT HIM!

AND THE REST OF THAT RATS' NEST HAVE BEEN TAKEN! THEY'RE ALL NUTS TO THINK THEY CAN WIN!

YEAH, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO LEARN! THEY HAVE TO DIE AND HAVE IT POUNDED INTO THEIR HEADS WITH HOT LEAD-THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Readers:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

My friend's father is a deputy sheriff and we have seen some of the prisoners he brought to jail. There is a big stack of CRIME DOES NOT PAY books in the sheriff's office for the inmates to read. I believe these magazines help keep the men on the right road after they have paid their debt to society.

Sincerely, Richard McIntyre

719 East Third Avenue, Flint 4, Michigan

That sheriff has the interest of the community at heart. The supply of CRIME DOES NOT PAY is way below the demand. Nevertheless, we wish every jail, reform school, and prison in the country would make use of its tremendous corrective force.

My initials are L. P. D. and I'm serving time in the Louisiana Training Institute. My Dad sent me some CRIME DOES NOT PAY magazines and I decided to play it smart and go straight as soon as I get out. Thanks for your helpful magazine.

Don't send me any money if I win. I just want to encourage other boys to lead the clean and straight life that I so foolishly passed by.

Yours truly, L. P. D.
Monroe, Louisiana

See what we mean? (You will receive subscriptions to our magazines instead.)

Jim and I have been married for two years. During this time, we have really had to struggle to live in this expensive world. At times I thought about making a little 'easy money', but then I started reading CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Due to this great publication, I kept on the right track, and now we have a nice home and a beautiful baby girl. I want to convey my deepest gratitude to the editors of CRIME DOES NOT PAY for contributing to my happiness.

Thank you, Mrs. James Rogers

General Delivery, Pioneer, California

Any accelerated effort of our staff and CRIME

DOES NOT PAY's subsequent rise in quality is inspired by letters such as yours.

I was reading a comic book in study hall, which is not permitted, when a teacher caught me. When he saw the name of the magazine I was reading, he let me finish it, because he enjoys it himself. Of course, it was CRIME DOES NOT PAY. You see, we kids are not the only ones who read it. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I wish it would be printed every week.

Thanks, Thomas Heisey

186 North Main St., Marheim, Pa.

For reasons beyond our control, we can't grant your wish completely, but if you will watch the newsstands, you will find our new publication called CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. It is, we think, a worthy running-mate to CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Pen-pals in Norway, Italy, and England have asked me to write to you and congratulate you on your fine work in showing today's youth the difference between right and wrong. I send my brother's comic books to them, and they are really appreciated. There's no need telling you which three of all the comics are liked best, for they are top favorites with everyone for their frank stories and well-drawn and easily understood pictures.

Keep up the good work and you'll have world-wide followers.

Yours truly, Nick J. Pathiakio

29 Burmah St., Mattapan Sq., Boston, Mass.

We hope that some day within our lifetimes there will be no more need for pen-pals—that a trip across an ocean will be no more of an effort than a short ride on a bus, and that national boundaries will be something used only by surveyors for the sale of real estate. The town, the county, the borough, the city, the state, and the country work in harmony—the next step is the world.

Good luck to your pen-pals.

Please try to limit your letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, New York.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



PAUL CHRETIEEN

FATHER OF MURDERERS

WITH MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS, THIS CRIMINAL WOULD HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, AND THE STREETS OF FRANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE TO WALK-INSTEAD OF THE TERROR THEY WERE FOR FOUR GENERATIONS!



ROY & BELFF

THIS HEART-PULSING SAGA BEGINS IN CLERMONT, FRANCE, ABOUT 1825! IT IS A TRUE STORY, THOUGH AT TIMES YOU MAY QUESTION ITS CREDIBILITY!

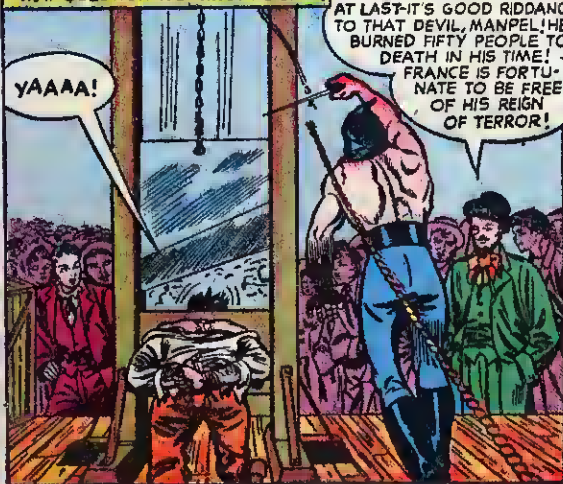
AT LAST-IT'S GOOD RIDDANCE TO THAT DEVIL, MANPEL! HE BURNED FIFTY PEOPLE TO DEATH IN HIS TIME! FRANCE IS FORTUNATE TO BE FREE OF HIS REIGN OF TERROR!

YAAAA!

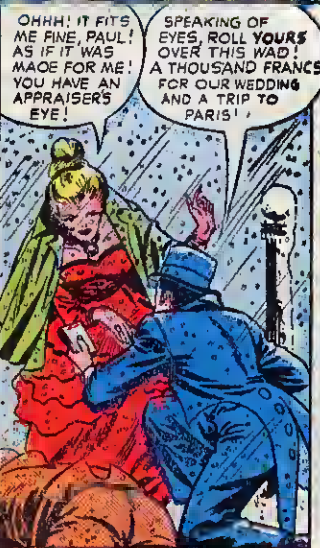
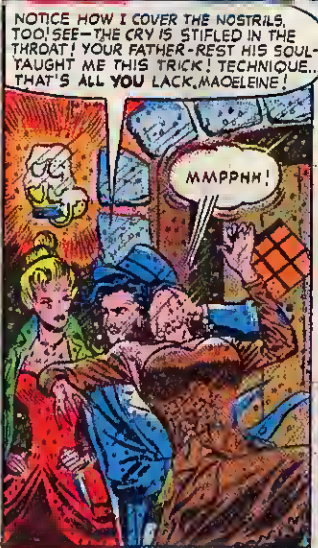
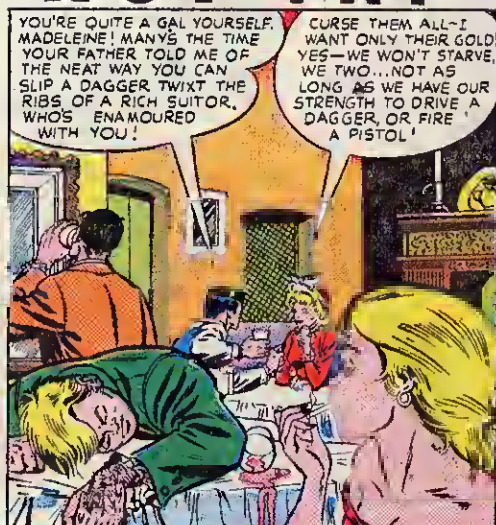
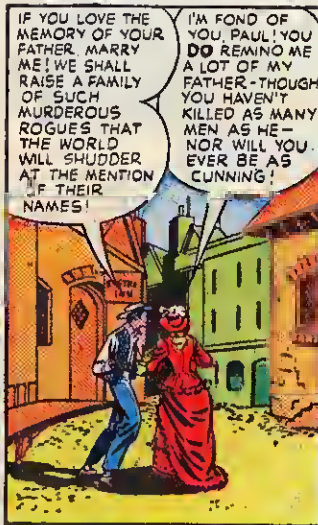
OH! IF THERE'S ONE HEAD I LIKE TO SEE DROP INTO THAT BASKET-IT'S THE HEAD OF A BLOODY INCENDIARY! AND MANPEL'S LIKES OF WHICH I'VE NEVER SEEN!

LISTEN TO THEM GLOAT- THE DEVILS- WHILE MY POOR FATHER LIES HEADLESS ON THE BLOCK!

LOWER YOUR VOICE, MADELINE! YOU MIGHT BE OVERHEARD! WE WILL HAVE OUR REVENGE, IF IT TAKES THE LAST OF OUR GENERATION!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT ALAS-FATE DECREEO OTHERWISE!
JEAN WAS BUT FOUR YEARS OLD, WHEN...



STOP, THIEF,
OR WE'LL
SHOOT!

HE'S
A
KILLER!
SHOOT TO
KILL, WE
MUST!

GO AHEAD AND
SHOOT! YOU
GENOARMES COULDN'T
HIT AN ELEPHANT
IF YOU WERE SITTING
ON TOP OF HIM!

THE MURDERING
DEVIL IS ASKING
FOR IT!



YAAA!

GAZE, LITTLE JEAN, AND REMEMBER
WELL HOW YOUR DEAR FATHER DIED
TRYING TO EARN BREAD FOR HIS
FAMILY! ALL YOUR FATHER DID WAS
SLAY A FAT BAKER, AND THEY
SHOT HIM DOWN LIKE
A DOG!



DON'T CRY, MAMA!
SOON I WILL BE OLD
ENOUGH TO REAP
THE GOLD IN THE
STREETS! FATHER
HAS TAUGHT
ME HOW!



YOU ARE NINE NOW,
JEAN! OLD ENOUGH
TO LEARN HOW TO
CUT A THROAT, SO
STAND ASIDE AND
WATCH YOUR
MOTHER!

OH, MOTHER! YOU
TALK AS IF I WERE
A CHILD! DIDN'T I
KNOCK THE BRAINS
OUT OF THAT DULOC
KID, WHO WAS
ALWAYS PUTTING
ON AIRS? HAVE
I NOT HIS MARBLES
TO SHOW FOR



AVAST THERE,
WENCH! COME
HELP SPEND A
SAILOR'S PAY!
YOU CAN
ORINK 'TIL
THE BEER
RUNS OUT OF
YOUR
EYES!

OUI, OUI, ADMIRAL!
I'LL LET YOU DRAW ME
A QUART! PSST, JEAN,
ALWAYS TAKE SAILORS
FRESH IN PORT! THEY'RE
LOADED WITH FRANCES
AND LIQUOR! FOLLOW
CLOSE BEHIND AND
WATCH WHAT
MOTHER DOES
AT THE FIRST
DARK STREET!



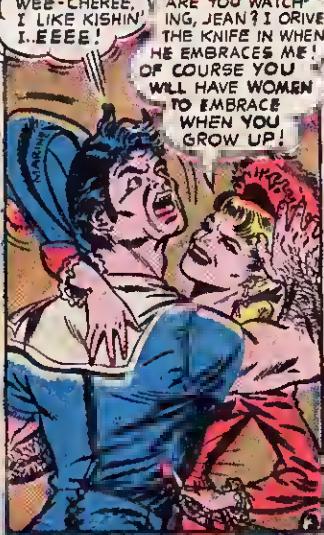
I-LET'S GO WALK ON THE
BOULEVARD, BABEE...
AN' YOU...
LA MARSEILLAISE...
D'LA P-PARIEEE...

YES, HANDSOME! WE
SHALL SING AND BE
MERRY TILL DAYBREAK!
GO AWAY, BOY, YOU
BOTTER US!



MARCHE ON,
MARCHE ON,
SHAY, WHY
DON'T YOU
SHING, SHY
WHY?

WOULD YOU
RATHER SING
OR STEAL A
KISS IN THAT
DARK DOOR-
WAY, EH,
HANDSOME!



WEE-CHEREE,
I LIKE KISHIN',
I.EEEE!

ARE YOU WATCH-
ING, JEAN? I ORIVE
THE KNIFE IN WHEN
HE EMBRACES ME!
OF COURSE YOU
WILL HAVE WOMEN
TO EMBRACE
WHEN YOU
GROW UP!

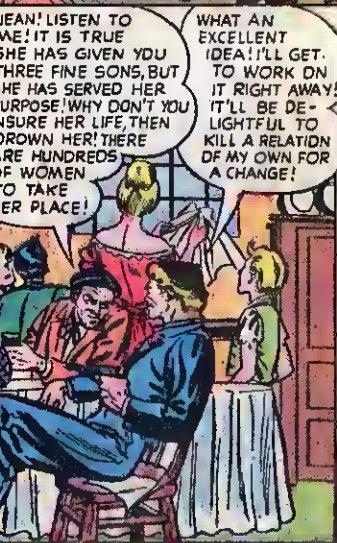
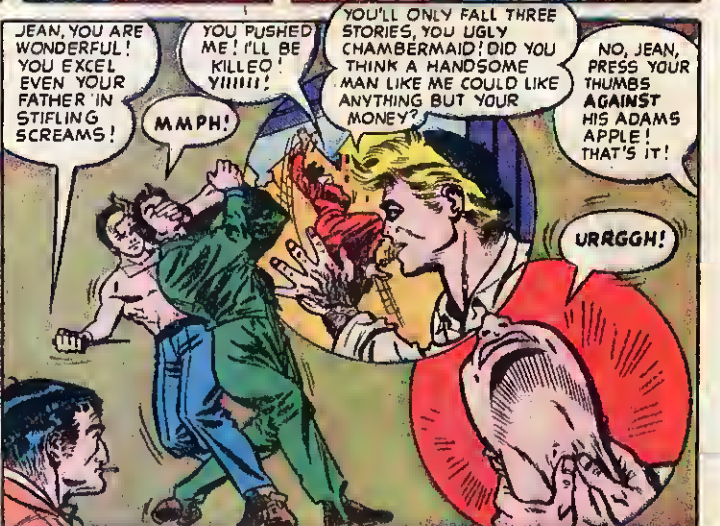
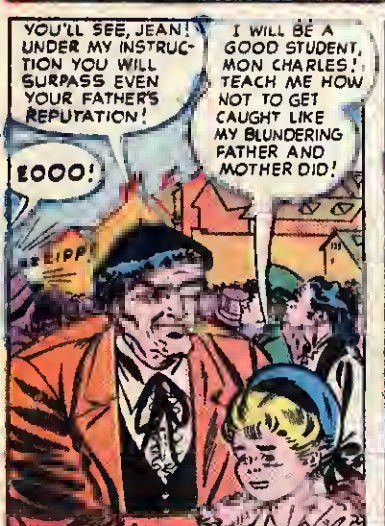


WHERE DO
YOU THINK
PIETRO
COULD
HAVE
GONE?

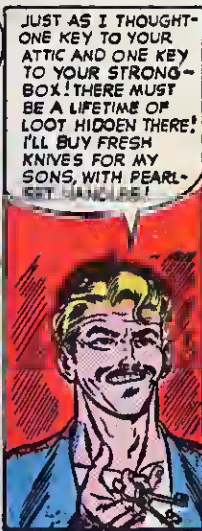
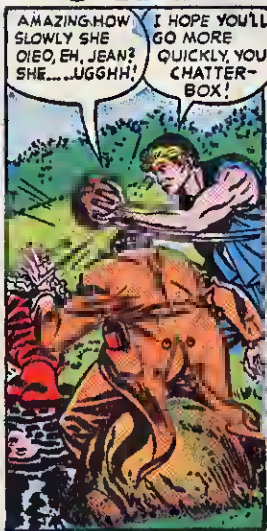
DID YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM!
THAT SOUNDED LIKE HIM!
MAYBE HE'S IN TROUBLE-
COME ON!

LOOK,
MAMA!
SAILORS!
THEY
HEARD
HIM
SCREAM-
ING!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AS THE YEARS PASSED, JEAN'S THREE SONS BECAME FATHERS—JEAN NOW HAD FOUR GRANDSONS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

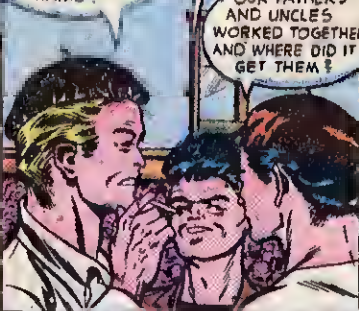
NOW LET US MOURN OUR DEAR GRANDFATHER, JEAN, AND OUR FATHERS, PIERRE, THOMAS AND JEAN BAPTISTE! WE WILL GROW UP TO BE WORTHY OF THEM!



CURSE THE POLICE, WE SHALL GET REVENGE, EH, BOYS?

THAT WE WILL DO!

WE FOUR ARE ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FAMILY - THE FAMOUS NAME OF CHRETIEN! WE MUST ALL GET MARRIED AND RAISE MANY SONS! IT IS UP TO US TO PERPETUATE THE NAME!



YOU, BAPTISTE, ARE THE STRONGEST AND THE MOST VICIOUS! YOU MUST LEAD THE WAY!

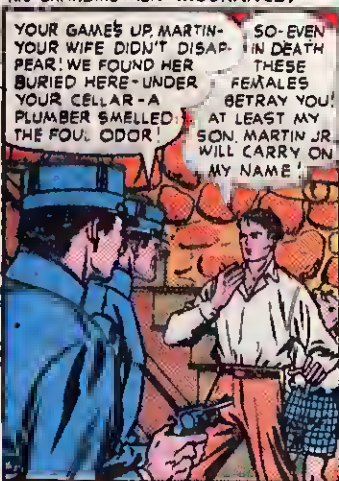
NO! WE SHOULD WORK SEPARATELY! OUR FATHERS AND UNCLER WORKED TOGETHER, AND WHERE DID IT GET THEM?

INSPECTOR! DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU SHOT? NONE OTHER THAN THOMAS CHRETIEN! HOW DID YOU EVER GET YOUR SIGHTS ON HIM??



I SPENT WEEKS WALKING THE STREETS, WAITING TO BE LURED INTO A TRAP BY ONE OF THEM! WHEN HE APPROACHED ME, I WAS READY! (DUR WORK IS NOT DONE!) THERE ARE THREE COUSINS LEFT - ALL KILLERS!

MARTIN KILLED HIS WIFE FOR THE SAME REASON HIS GRANDFATHER, JEAN, KILLED HIS GRANDMOTHER - INSURANCE!



YOUR GAME'S UP, MARTIN - YOUR WIFE DIDN'T DISAPPEAR! WE FOUND HER BURIED HERE - UNDER YOUR CELLAR - A PLUMBER SMELLED THE FOUL ODOR!

SO - EVEN IN DEATH THESE FEMALES BETRAY YOU! AT LEAST MY SON, MARTIN JR., WILL CARRY ON MY NAME!

IN THE NEXT GENERATION, MARTIN JR. CARRIED ON HIS EVIL FATHER'S NAME - TO DEVILS ISLAND, WHERE HE DIED SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL!



WE'RE THE ONLY CLEVER WING IN THIS FAMILY! FIFTEEN YEARS OF MURDER AND WE'RE STILL FREE LIKE THE WIND!

STOP BOASTING RAUL, WE'VE GOT THAT OLD MISER TO KILL IN HALF AN HOUR!

IF FATHER AND MOTHER ONLY KNEW THAT MISER THEY WENT TO KILL WAS A POLICE INSPECTOR IN DISGUISE! THEY WERE CARELESS AND STUPID - BUT NOT US!



WE SHALL BENEFIT FROM THEIR MISTAKE! NOW ONLY SEVEN OF US ARE LEFT! WE ARE THE FOURTH GENERATION! WE MUST OUTDO ALL THE OTHERS!

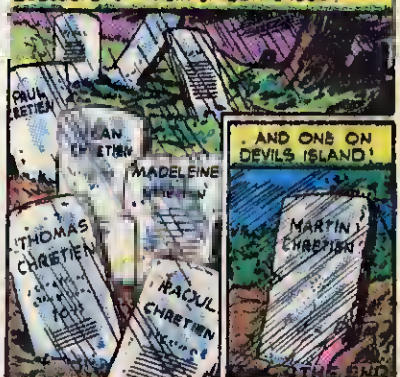
THE NEW CROP OF CHRETIENS CARRIED ON FOR YEARS! ALMOST DAILY, BLOOD FLOWED IN THE STREETS OF CLERMONT.



AND ON THE GUILLOTINES OF CLERMONT



UNTIL ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF FOUR GENERATIONS OF CHRETIENS WERE EIGHTEEN TOMBSTONES IN A CLERMONT GRAVEYARD, FOR BY THIS TIME THE FRENCH POLICE WERE ACQUIRING THE MOST SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF THAT DAY! AND THE CHRETIENS WERE SOME OF THE EARLIEST SUBJECTS OF THEIR EFFECTIVENESS!



AND ONE ON DEVILS ISLAND!

MARTIN CHRETIEN

THE END

THIS IS OUR TESTIMONY!

IPPERY ADVERTISING
NGO!

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MISSOURI STATE PENITENTIARY, INSPECTED AND PASSED
JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI

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publishers, to their agents. The
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THAN BY POSTAL NOTE OR MONEY ORDER, AND MADE PAYABLE TO THE TREASURY, Missouri State Penitentiary.

Name Charles Bird
Relationship Friend
Street Number 114 E. 32th St.
City New York (6) NY

May - 12 - 1927

Dear Charles Bird and Bob Wood:

I am a convict and a regular reader
of your magazine. I didn't start reading
Crime Does Not Pay until too late.
I really enjoy learning the true facts
in it. I hope others won't wait
as long as I did to read and under-
stand the truth, that crime does
not pay.

Thanks for bringing such a
wonderful magazine to Americans.

A Regular reader.

ENCLOSED
ENCLOSED
Jefferson City, Mo

THIS ACTUALLY REPRODUCED LETTER, WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF HUNDREDS LIKE IT, DOES MORE TO BOOST THE FAME OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" THAN ALL THE ADJECTIVES IN WEBSTER'S BIG BOOK!



A LESSON IN MURDER

ONE hundred police working on a case can make a thousand mistakes before they strike on the right solution, but the criminal, working against these hundred police cannot afford to make a single error. He has to be right EVERY time. What chance, then, has the criminal? He has NO chance at all. It is utterly futile for him to try to commit the perfect crime. Poor misguided egotists, with their twisted brains! Why can't they learn before it is too late?

Emile Lamont, although he was a bit slow of wit, nevertheless was a good father to his large brood. Farming in the province of Ontario, Canada, was hard work with little return, in 1930, but somehow Emile was able to keep body and soul together. Now Anton, one of his sons, was going to work, too, and that would ease part of the burden. It was good to have friends like Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier, who had secured the work for the boy.

"He will go to meet Josef Arment, who cuts ice in the winter," said Valadin. "Next month Josef will be making up his crew, and we have arranged that Anton will be one of the first to be hired."

Emile wiped away a tear of gratitude with his gnarled

fist. "Ah, merci, merci, mes amis!" said Emile, with a strange catch in his voice. "Thank you, my friends!"

"It is nothing to do for an old friend," replied Gaston Fournier with feeling. "The truth is, we feel we have not



done quite enough for you."

"Eh?" said Emile, puzzled. "Mon Dieu, what do you mean?"

"We have been thinking," put in Jean Valadin, "that there is danger in cutting ice. Suppose something should happen to Anton? An accident, perhaps!"

Emile shook his head profoundly. "Danger," he said slowly. "Yes, there is always danger."

"But with insurance," said Fournier excitedly, "you would be repaid for possible loss. For a little over sixty dollars, you would receive

five thousand dollars in protection against Anton's death! Ten thousand dollars should the boy die by accident!"

Emile shook his head. "Such sums are not for me to consider, good friends. Sixty dollars I have not even owned at one time in my whole life!"

The other two smiled confidently. "Leave that to us, Friend Emile. We shall make a business deal. We shall put up the money for the insurance. Then, if anything should happen, God forbid, we shall split the money between us! That will ease your mind, so you will not think we are offering charity."

Emile smiled. Such friends as this were rare indeed.

Indeed they were!

Such a feeling of friendship had these two for their old companion of many years that they purchased insurance on the life of Anton. And it was an act of Providence that they should have been so foresighted. For that October, when Anton stood at the dock's edge waiting for the arrival of Josef Arment, his body suddenly lurched forward and plunged into the already icy waters.

Of course, a body does not merely lurch forward of its own accord. It has to jump, or slip, or be pushed

But as there were no witnesses, who could say that they so much as had seen Anton plunge into the river, it could but be assumed that the boy might have been drinking and had fallen into his watery grave. An accident beyond a doubt. Ten thousand dollars was paid by the insurance company to the stricken father. Grief-stricken though he was, the good Emile was grateful that his two friends, Gaston and Jean, had had the thoughtfulness to purchase the insurance. He forthwith drew eight thousand of the ten thousand dollars from his bank account and gave half to each of his good friends, keeping two thousand dollars for himself. That had been in accordance with the terms of the agreement.

It is a strange truth that the more a man has the more he wants. Before collecting the four thousand dollars each had received from Emile, Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier would have said that four thousand dollars apiece would last them a lifetime. Yet, here, a year and a half after the death of Anton Lamont,

these two were running out of money again. There had been the purchase of a new car by Fournier, payment of debts by Valadin. New clothes and new luxuries all around.



"There is a young laborer working for Jon Dufault," said Gaston. "We could cultivate his friendship and soon bring about another accident. The boy's name is Paul Giroux."

"Eh, bien," Jean Valadin replied, "it is worth looking into."

Paul Giroux was a poor, but friendly lad. He had had a hard life, but he was a good son and a hard worker. Valadin and Fournier did not have much trouble weaving their way into the boy's confidence and into his heart. They treated the lad

to a few trips into the city; they loaned him money when he was short. They even reminded him of the fact that he might even make some extra money by working for them. Not hard work, such as he was doing for Jon Dufault. Simple, easy work, like cleaning up the stables and so on.

Paul was delighted. It gave him a chance at extra money, without tiring himself. "I am certainly thankful for you two friends," he said. "You are like relatives. I would like to call you my uncles."

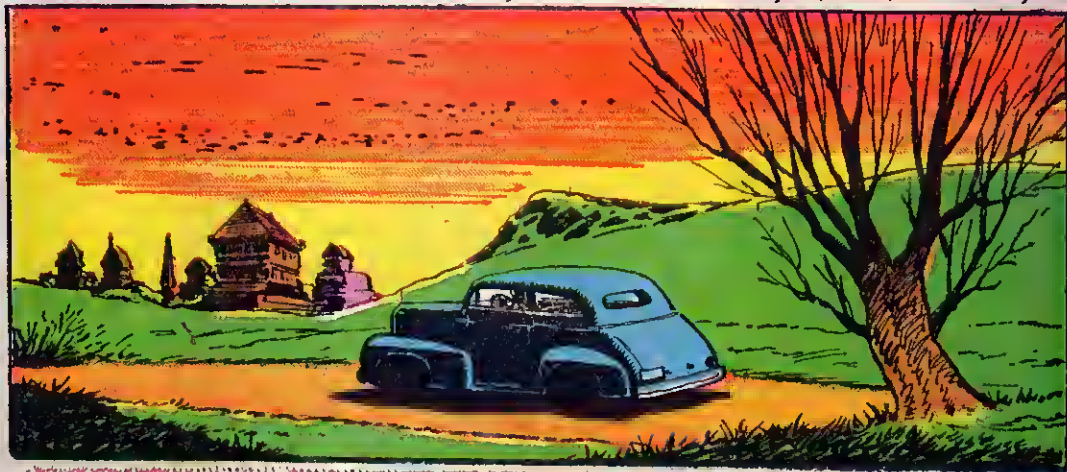
Gaston nodded. "It would be an honor for you to do so, Paul. And speaking of favors, perhaps you would do one for Jean and me."

"Just name it," said Paul.

"Well," began Gaston, speaking slowly, "of course, while the work you do for us is easy, there is a certain amount of risk, . . . danger of being kicked by a horse, while you clean the stalls, for instance."

Paul shrugged. "Not very likely, of course, but it has happened."

"And if it should happen to you, Paul, could not your



family sue us for your injuries?"

"A likely thing," replied Paul, "after all you have done."

"Or Jon Dufault?" asked Jean Valadin.

Paul nodded. "I suppose that might happen. Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

And so Paul became insured against accidental death and thereby signed his own death warrant. He was working with the horses in the barn of Jean Valadin, when suddenly a horse bolted. Paul looked up, frightened, for certainly he had done nothing to anger the horse. What he did see was enough to send chills of fear running down his spine. A pitchfork in the hands of Jean Valadin was being stuck into the horse's flank.

Paul gasped and tried to ease himself out of the stall, but as he did so, the pitchfork prongs struck him in the face. He doubled over in pain and then the angered horse, once more jabbed with

death under a ton of horse-flesh.

Jean Valadin was beside himself with remorse, when



he related the horrible accident to the boy's parents. He was also beside himself with remorse when Sergeant Thomas Foley of the Provincial Police stopped by to ask about Paul's death. Sergeant Foley was not investigating the death of the boy. He had no reason to believe it was not an accident. He merely was a friend of the family and a friend of Jean Valadin's. But he was a very intelligent police officer. He did not like the sound of Valadin's wailing. It did not ring true.

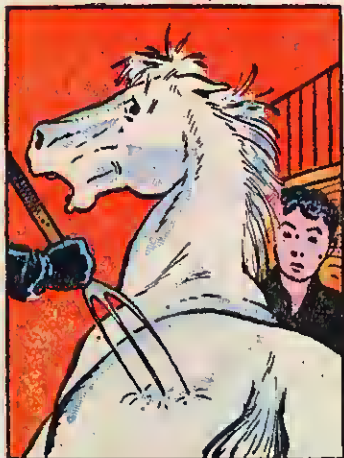
And so, casually, he went behind the house to the barn and looked at the horse. It was a tame creature, not at all the kind of animal that, unmolested, would hoof a boy to death. These things worried Sergeant Foley. He called in Inspector Adam Walton of the Criminal Investigation Department. Unknown to either Valadin or Fournier, the remains of Paul Giroux were exhumed and the corpse inspected by

Dr. D. F. Underhill.

The hoof marks showed up, all right, but so did the marks of the pitchfork. Then further investigation revealed the insurance payment for the death of Anton Lamont, and another policy on record showed up on the life of Paul. In each case Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier were the beneficiaries. Then, later the pitchfork was found and the blood on it was that of both horse and boy. Science cannot be fooled about blood.

Yes, it was a simple error of judgment that Jean Valadin made, that of being over sorry. And a criminal must be right EVERY time. That simple little error eventually wove a noose about his neck and that of Gaston Fournier, for a year later both men were hanged for their crimes.

What lesson can be learned from the simple mistake that Valadin made? That, too, is a simple lesson, summed up in four words: **CRIME DOES NOT PAY.**



the sharp prongs of the pitchfork, kicked Paul in the stomach. The boy went down, and was trampled to



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BENNY MICKSON

THE POETIC BANK-ROBBER AND HIS
GUN-TOTING WIFE, MARY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY



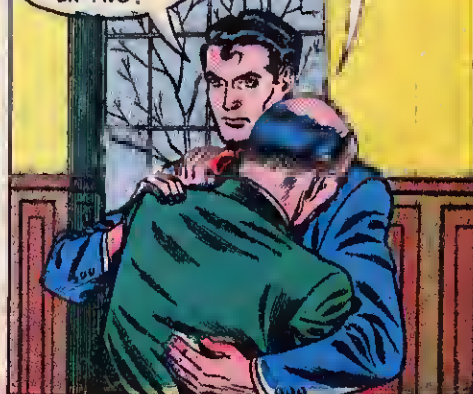
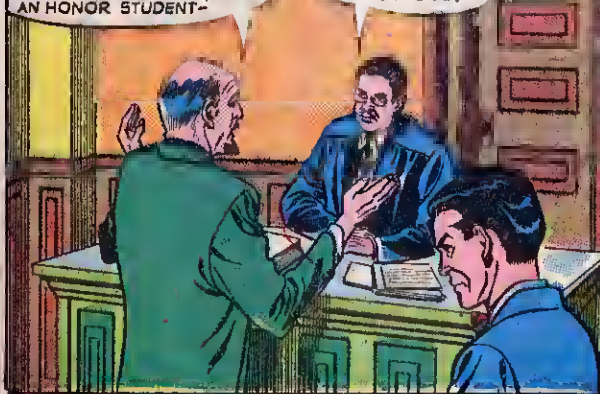
THE FIRST INDICATION THAT 17-YEAR-OLD BENNY MICKSON WAS HEADED FOR A LIFE OF CRIME WAS HIS HI-JACKING OF A TAXI IN TOPEKA, KANSAS!

BUT-BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE, JUDGE! MY SON-A COMMON CRIMINAL! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE- WHY, HE'S AN HONOR STUDENT-

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR MICKSON! THE EVIDENCE IS QUITE CONCLUSIVE! I MUST SENTENCE YOUR BOY TO TWO YEARS IN REFORM SCHOOL!

AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, DAD! IT WON'T BE SO BAD! I'LL BE OUT IN NO TIME, AND THEN I'LL SHOW THE WORLD A THING OR TWO!

MY BOY! MY BOY! WHAT MADE YOU DO SUCH A TERRIBLE THING? WHERE HAVE I FAILED YOU?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVENTEEN MONTHS LATER, IN STOTESBURY, MISSOURI, BENNY JACKSON KEPT HIS WORD!

STOP THAT MAN!
HE ROBBED THE
BANK!

HELP,
POLICE!

BANG!

BANG!

HA! HA! CHILD'S PLAY! I SAID I'D SHOW THE
WORLD! I GUESS I CAN STOP FOR A SWIM
AND COOL OFF! THE POLICE ARE SUCH FOOLS
THEY WOULD NEVER THINK A GUY WOULD
TAKE TIME OUT FROM SCRAMMING TO
COOL OFF!

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST CROOKS IS
THEY'RE DUMB! YOU GOT TO BE SMARTER
THAN THE COPS! AND WHAT COPPER HAS
THE I.Q. I HAVE! WHAT'S THAT!

WHAM

SO YOU GUYS DO
THINK A LITTLE
AFTER ALL!

WATCH OUT!
HE'S PULLING
A GUN!

LET ME TAKE
HIM DOWN!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN!
BUT I LEARN SOMETHING
EVERY DAY! NEXT TIME
I'LL KNOW BETTER-

NEXT TIME, IS IT! THE NEXT TIME
WILL BE QUITE A WHILE FROM NOW--
AFTER THE JUDGE GETS THROUGH
WITH YA, SONNY!

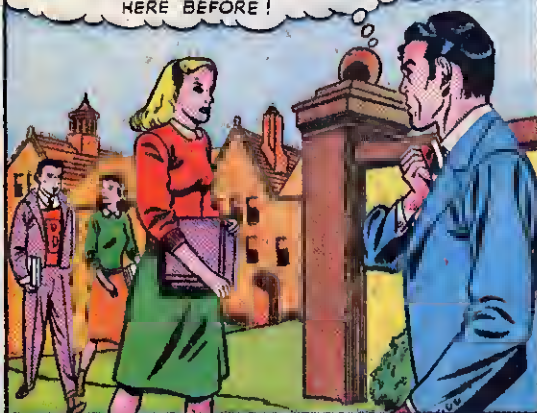
TEN YEARS!

22-26

BANG.

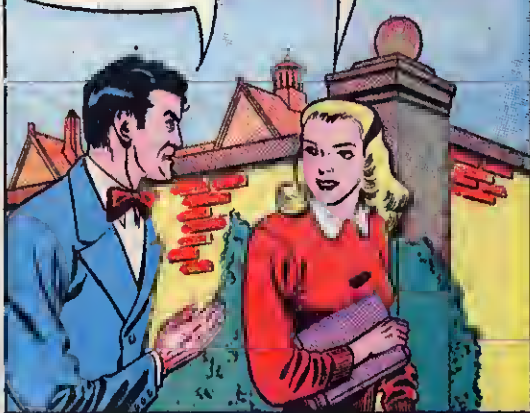
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I CUT TEN YEARS OF LIVING DEATH TO SEVEN, WITH GODD BEHAVIOR, BUT IT'S STILL A LOT OF LIVING TO MAKE UP! I TALKED THE OLD MAN INTO TAKING ME BACK AND GIVING ME ANOTHER CHANCE! BOY, DO I KNOW HOW TO SOFT-SOAP HIM! HELLO-THERE'S A CUTE OISH! I NEVER NOTICED HER AROUND HERE BEFORE!



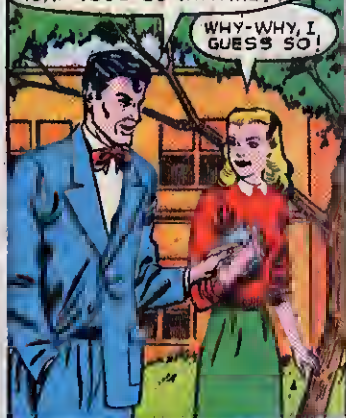
PARDON ME, MISS! I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU-I THINK YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I'D LIKE TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT YOU!

YOU WOULD? GEE! ARE YOU A POET? WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME IS MICKSON! MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS FOR YOU? I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR FAMILY AND GET THEIR PERMISSION TO TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT- THAT IS, IF YOU'D GO WITH ME!

WHY-WHY, I GUESS SO!



A SHORT TIME LATER-

GOODNESS, MARY BLACK IS ONLY SIXTEEN! IT'S A SCANDAL- HER GOING TO MARRY A MAN SO MUCH OLDER! WHY, SHE'S JUST A CHILD!

THAT MR. MICKSON MUST BE ALMOST THIRTY-WHAT COULD HER PARENTS BE THINKING OF- ALLOWING THEM TO WED THIS SATURDAY AND EVEN GIVING THEM THEIR LODGE AT THE LAKE FOR A HONEYMOON!



THIS IS THE LIFE, MARY- JUST YOU AND ME AWAY FROM EVERYBODY'S SNOOPING! EVER TRY YOUR HAND AT SHOOTING?

W-WHY, YES- A LITTLE, BUT ONLY WITH BLANKS!



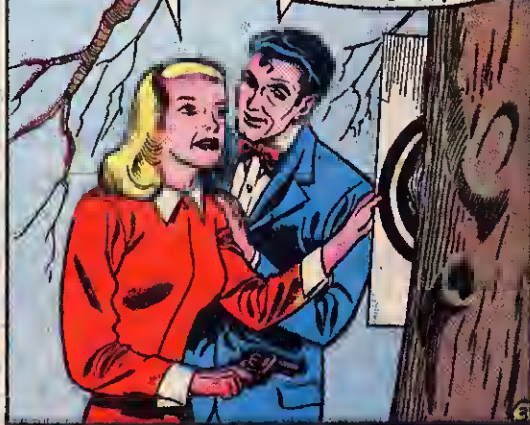
AFTER THREE DAYS OF LEARNING, HONEY, YOU'RE TERRIFIC! NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WITH A REAL TARGET!

I REALLY AM IMPROVING, AREN'T I, BENNY?



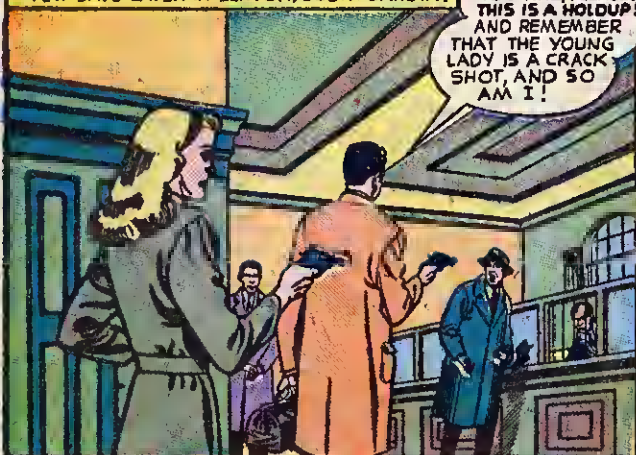
HOW'S THAT BENNY? NINETEEN BULLSEYES OUT OF TWENTY!

HONEY, YOU'RE SENSATIONAL! I'M PROUD OF YOU! NOW LISTEN- I HAD A REASON FOR TEACHING YOU HOW TO BE A SHARP-SHOOTER!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

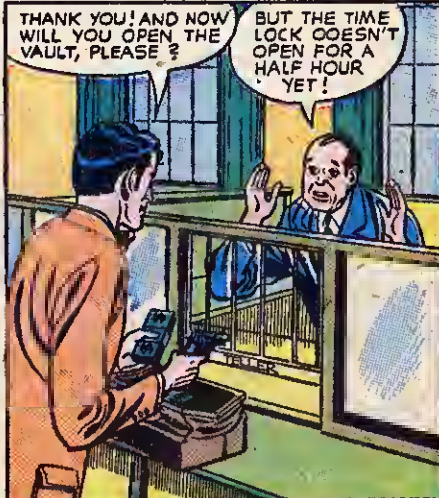
THE REASON BECAME QUITE APPARENT A FEW DAYS LATER IN ELKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, PLEASE! THIS IS A HOLDUP! AND REMEMBER THAT THE YOUNG LADY IS A CRACK SHOT, AND SO AM I!

THANK YOU! AND NOW WILL YOU OPEN THE VAULT, PLEASE?

BUT THE TIME LOCK DOESN'T OPEN FOR A HALF HOUR YET!



WELL, IN THAT CASE I'M AFRAID WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, WON'T WE? EVERYONE LIE FLAT ON THE FLOOR, PLEASE—OR GET A BELLY FULL OF LEAD!

WHEW! COLD AS ICE, BOTH OF THEM! AND POLITE AS THEY COME, OF ALL THINGS!

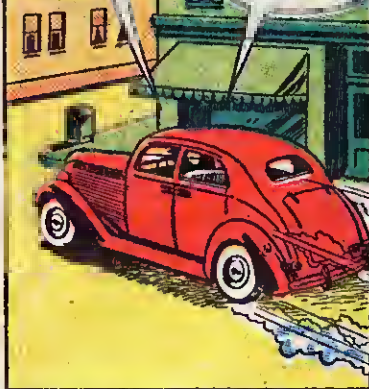


TIME'S UP! OPEN THAT VAULT, TELLER—AND, BABY, GO WITH HIM—IF HE TRIES STALLING, SHOOT HIS BRAINS OUT! THE REST OF YOU JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE TILL WE'RE GONE!



SEE WHAT I MEAN, SWEETHEART! NEARLY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THE GAME WE'RE PLAYING REALLY PAYS OFF, BABY!

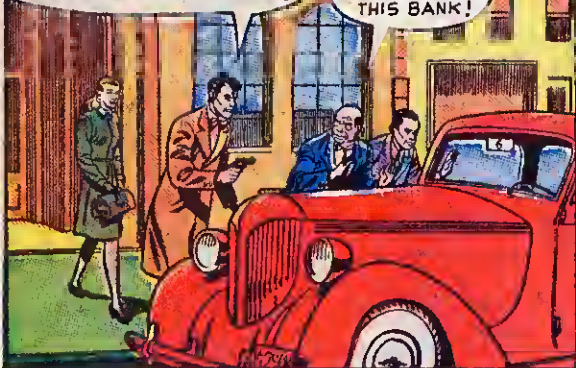
IT SURE DOES! IT'S AN EXCITING GAME, TOO! YOU KNOW, I WAS WISHING THAT TELLER WOULD TRY SOMETHING!



BROOKINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA, TWO MONTHS LATER!

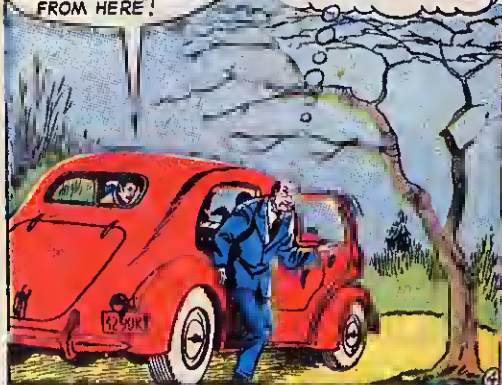
WE'RE VERY SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, BUT WE NEED YOU GENTLEMEN AS HOSTAGES, SO PLEASE GET INTO THE CAR!

BUT—BUT I'M PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK!

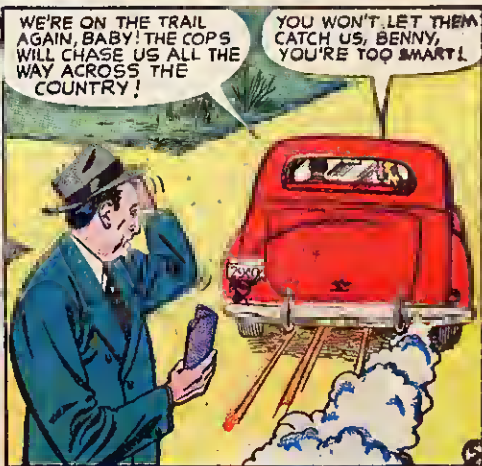
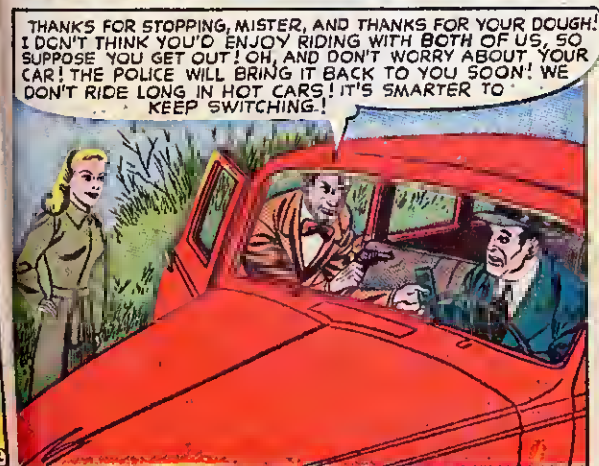
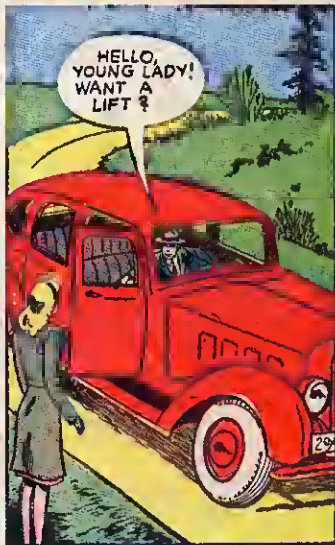
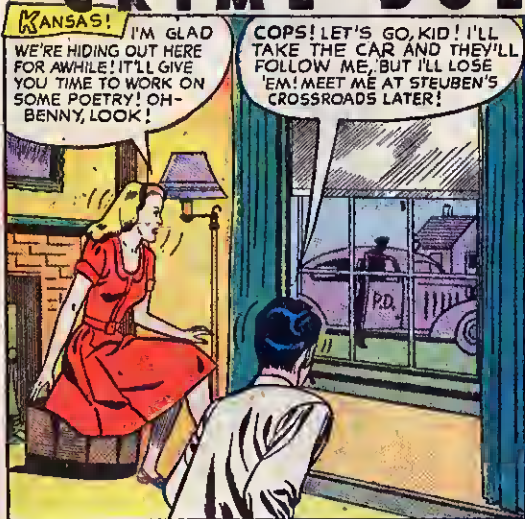


ALL RIGHT, SIR! YOU AND YOUR FRIEND MAY GET OUT! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH A BUS BACK TO TOWN FROM HERE!

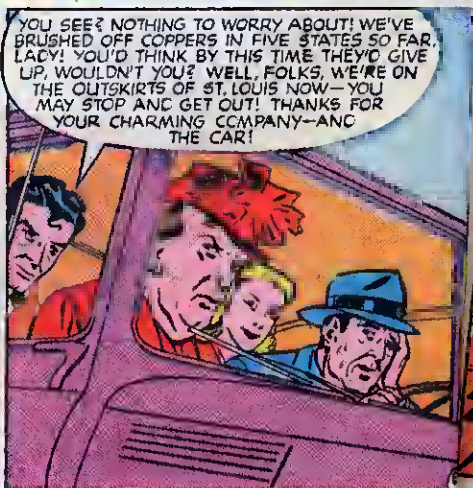
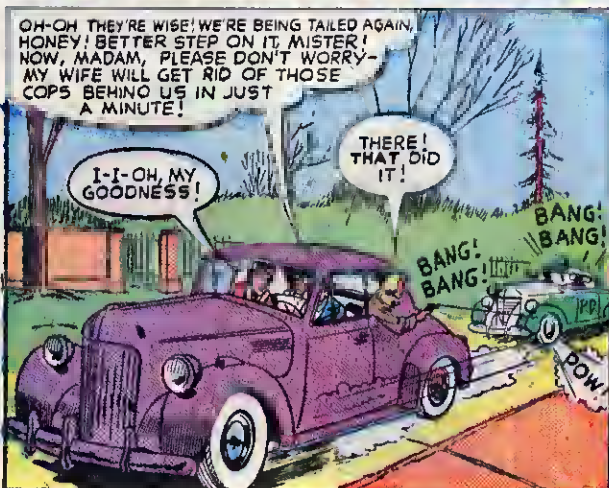
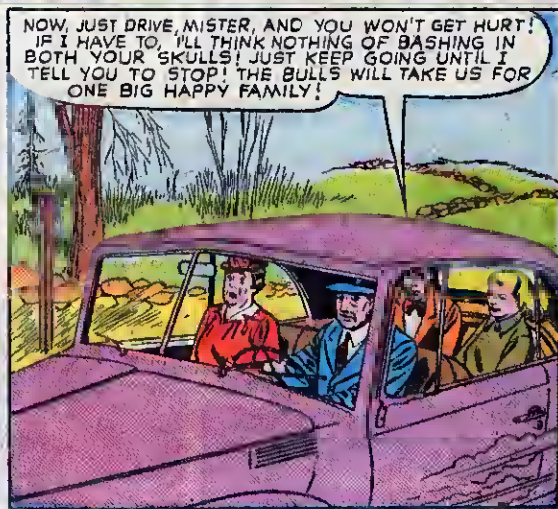
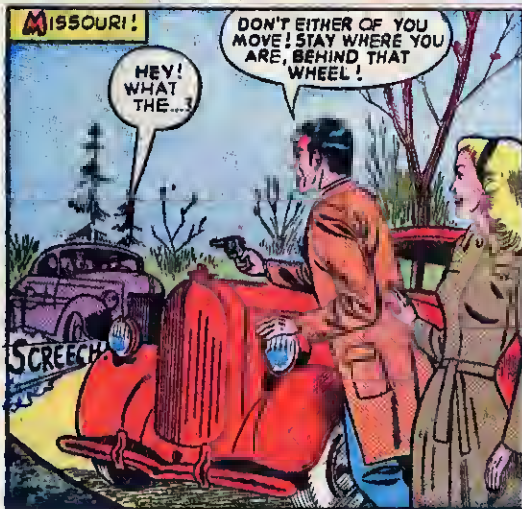
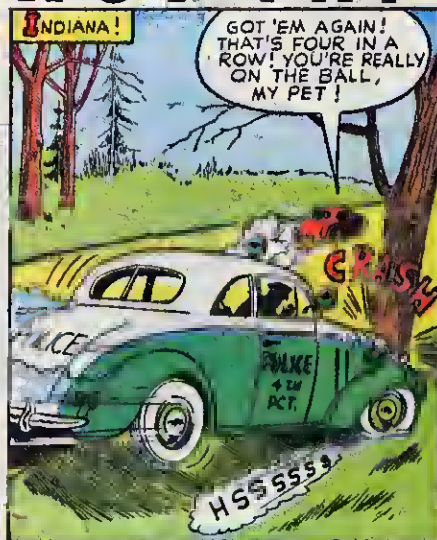
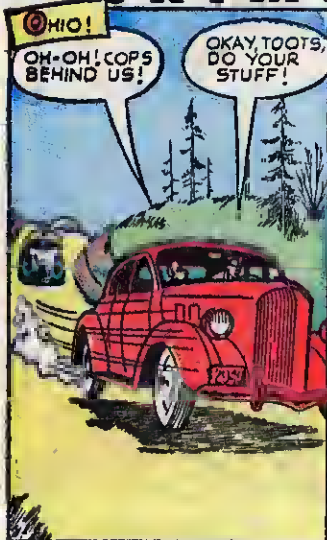
WHY, THE BRASS OF THOSE TWO! THEY ROB THE BANK, KIDNAP US AND THEN SHOWER US WITH APOLOGIES!



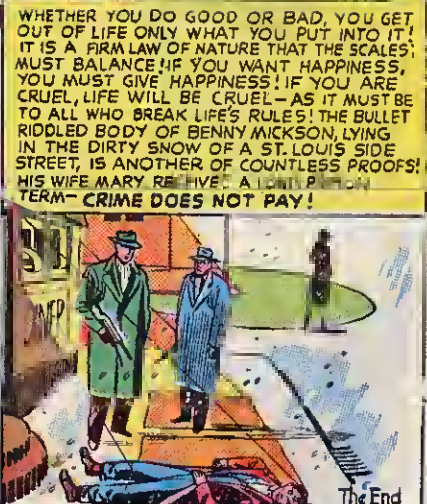
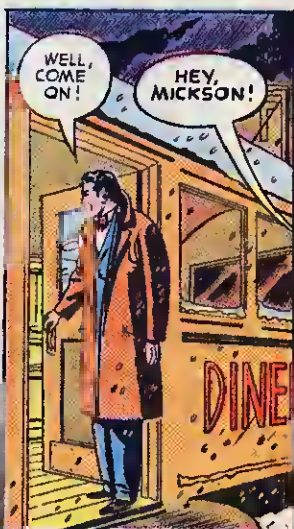
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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BIG SHOT GANGSTERS

THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS
AND DEATHS!



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Secrets of ancient magicians and modern professionals. With this book be a magician, do hundreds of amazing tricks, fool your friends.
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Here are five new pocket sized books of a type never before offered the public. You'll love them all — if you can take it. Each Crime Book shows CRIME DOES NOT PAY — and is crammed with hidden secrets, helpful information, inside “dope”.

They're tough — they'll hold you spellbound, your eyes will pop! They sure are thrilling — only 25¢ each — all five for one buck postpaid!

We can't tell you too much here — but you get the idea. Hurry — order all five today!

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CHECK HERE FOR ALL FIVE FOR \$1.00_____

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Please print clearly—use pencil

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL by C.H. MOORE



WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Bronx, N.Y., COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE OF SEEING A MAN ON TRIAL FOR A ROBBERY HE HAD COMMITTED. HE ENJOYED WATCHING ANOTHER MAN BEING TRIED FOR HIS CRIME! A SPECTATOR RECOGNIZED WILLIAMS AS THE REAL ROBBER - HE WAS CAUGHT AND PUNISHED AND THE INNOCENT MAN FREED!



YELLOW GLOVES

WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DOWNFALL OF JOE KING!

HE HELD UP A TAXI DRIVER -

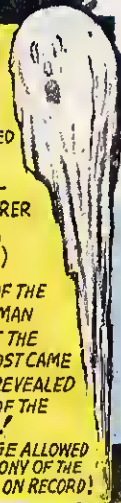
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER A DETECTIVE BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF A MAN WEARING YELLOW GLOVES - TOOK HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING AND FOUND THE TAXI DRIVER'S WATCH ON HIM! HE SHOWED HIS TRUE COLOR ONCE TOO OFTEN!

A GHOST

WAS ALLOWED TO TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER IN Scotland (June 10, 1754)

A FRIEND OF THE MURDERED MAN SWORE THAT THE VICTIM'S GHOST CAME TO HIM AND REVEALED THE NAME OF THE MURDERER!

THE JUDGE ALLOWED THE TESTIMONY OF THE GHOST TO GO ON RECORD!



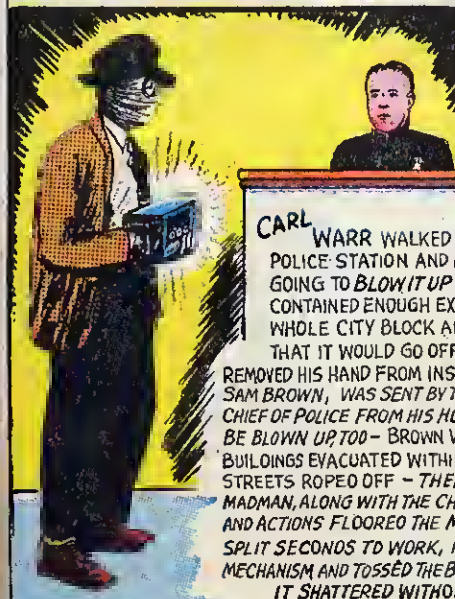
RED MULLINS -

AN ESCAPED CONVICT, WAS CAUGHT IN HOUSTON, TEXAS WHILE COMMITTING A ROBBERY! HE WAS SENTENCED TO 170 YEARS!



A CONVICT WORKING IN THE PRISON TAILOR SHOP SAVED HUNDREDS OF NEEDLES, WHICH HE FASTENED TO A STICK, TO FILE HIS WAY THROUGH THE BARS OF HIS CELL - HE GOT OUT AND RIGHT BACK IN AGAIN!

C.H. MOORE



CARL

WARR WALKED INTO THE LOS ANGELES POLICE STATION AND ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS GOING TO BLOW IT UP - HE HELD A BOX THAT CONTAINED ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO DESTROY A WHOLE CITY BLOCK AND FIXED IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT WOULD GO OFF 10 SECONDS AFTER HE REMOVED HIS HAND FROM INSIDE THE BOX - A DETECTIVE, SAM BROWN, WAS SENT BY THE MADMAN TO GET THE CHIEF OF POLICE FROM HIS HOME, SO THAT HE COULD BE BLOWN UP TOO - BROWN WORKED FAST - HAD ALL BUILDINGS EVACUATED WITHIN THREE BLOCKS AND THE STREETS ROPED OFF - THEN HE WENT BACK TO THE MADMAN, ALONG WITH THE CHIEF - HIS QUICK THINKING AND ACTIONS FLOORED THE MADMAN AND WITH ONLY SPLIT SECONDS TO WORK, HE SMASHED THE FUSE MECHANISM AND TOSSED THE BOX TO THE STREET! IT SHATTERED WITHOUT EXPLODING!

MATTHEW SPENCE

TWICE-ESCAPED CONVICT - WENT TO A MOVIE AND SAT DOWN NEXT TO THE DETECTIVE, WHO WAS LOOKING FOR HIM! THE PICTURE WAS "YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

WHO DUNNIT?

TEST YOUR
WITS! HOW GOOD
A DETECTIVE
ARE YOU?



STEFFY MILANOFF,
TORMENTED WITH
JEALOUSY AND
HATRED

INSPECTOR ALENOFF
OF THE SOPIA POLICE

PAUL
GOULONOV,
HANDSOME
FORTUNE
HUNTER

CONDUCTOR
PRUBOSHOFF,
HE NEEDED
MONEY

EX-CONVICT
RUDOV,
THE SLICKEST
JEWEL THIEF
IN BULGARIA

MADAME
MILANOFF,
THE MERRY
WIDOW

THE SOPIA EXPRESS GETS A DEADLY
HIGHBALL! AS IT GATHERS SPEED
OUT OF THE SOPIA FREIGHT YARDS,
ONE PASSENGER IS MARKED FOR
DEATH! ANOTHER IS MARKED WITH
THE BRAND OF CAIN...MURDERER!
INSPECTOR ALENOFF OF THE SOPIA
POLICE MANAGED TO SPOT THE KILLER
WITHIN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES! CAN
YOU MATCH THE TIME-TABLE ACCURACY
OF THIS FAMOUS SLEUTH? CAN YOU
GUESS WHO DUNNIT?

drawn by
FRED GUARDINEER

THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 5TH, 1936, IN AN EXCLUSIVE
RESTAURANT IN SOPIA, BULGARIA...



BUT, PAUL, I
HAVE A GROWN
DAUGHTER WHO
IS OLD ENOUGH
TO MARRY
YOU!

BUT NOT AS
BEAUTIFUL AND
CLEVER AS HER
MOTHER! SAY
YOU WILL
MARRY ME,
SONIA!

SO THIS IS
PAUL'S BUSINESS
APPOINTMENT-A
RENDEZVOUS
WITH MY OWN
MOTHER! OH,
HOW COULD
SHE?



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MOTHER? ISN'T IT ENOUGH
TO BE THE MERRY WIDOW
OF SOPIA, AND THE
DARLING OF THE PLAY-
BOYS? MUST YOU TRY
TO STEAL MY
FIANCEE AS WELL?
OH, I HATE YOU!

STEFFY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE? PAUL,
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN-
ARE YOU MY
DAUGHTER'S
FIANCEE?

WELL...
ER...THERE
MUST BE
SOME
MISTAKE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU BET THERE'S A MISTAKE! YOU MADE IT-OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN SKUNKS, YOU'RE IT! SO YOU HAD TO CANCEL OUR APPOINTMENT BECAUSE YOU WERE HARD AT WORK! HARD AT WORK TWO-TIME-ING ME WITH MY OWN MOTHER! HERE'S YOUR RING, YOU FORTUNE HUNTER, YOU!



AS FOR YOU, MOTHER-ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO WATCH MEN BUZZ AROUND YOU LIKE FLIES! I THINK I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KILL YOU AND YOUR INFERNAL BEAUTY!

STEFFY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN! YOU'RE UPSET- YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING OR SAYING! DON'T BE FOOLISH!



ALL RIGHT, BUT FROM NOW ON, I'M ON MY OWN! I NEVER WANT TO SEE EITHER OF YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SONIA, I KNOW HOW BAD THIS LOOKS, BUT IF YOU'LL LET ME EXPLAIN!

DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME, YOU CONTEMPTIBLE WRETCH! YOU DARED TO PROPOSE MARRIAGE TO ME, KNOWING FULL WELL YOU WERE ENGAGED TO MY DAUGHTER!



IN A WAY I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR TONIGHT, BECAUSE IT SAVED STEFFY FROM A MISERABLE LIFE WITH A FORTUNE HUNTER LIKE YOU!



I'M GOING BACK TONIGHT TO MY HOUSE IN YAKAREL! IF YOU EVER COME NEAR EITHER MY DAUGHTER OR MYSELF, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE EXPOSED TO THE WORLD!



EVERYTHING IS LOST WITH THE MERRY WIDOW! MY ONE CHANCE IS TO RECOVER THE DAUGHTER! THAT STEFFY IS SO UGLY, I'M SURE I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER OFFERED HER LOVE!

ONE TICKET TO YAKAREL, PLEASE!



ONE TICKET TO YAKAREL!



WHAT TIME DOES THE TRAIN LEAVE FOR YAKAREL?

MIDNIGHT!



WHAT BEAUTIFUL GEMS!

BEG PARDON, MADAME! YOU SHOULD NEVER WEAR SO MUCH JEWELRY, WITHOUT A BODYGUARD! YOU'RE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY BURGLAR!

ONLY BURGLARS! HOW UNFORTUNATE! I PREFER TO BE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY MAN!

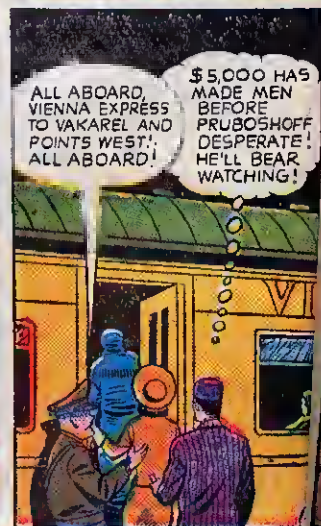
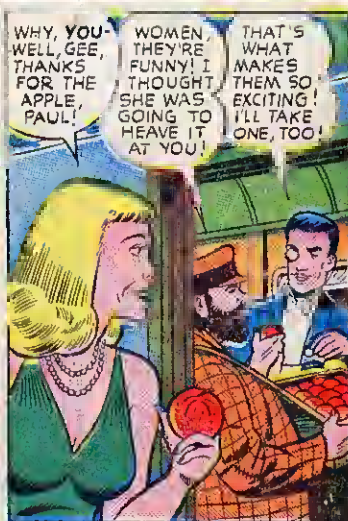


YOU ARE, MADAME! YOUR BEAUTY OUT-CAZZLES YOUR FINEST JEWELS! BUT WHEN A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF LIKE GEORGE RUDDOV BOARDS THE SAME TRAIN, IT ISN'T TO ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTY- EH, RUDDOV?

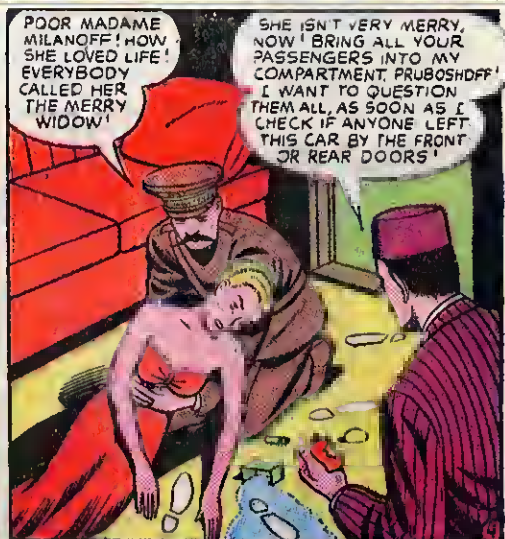
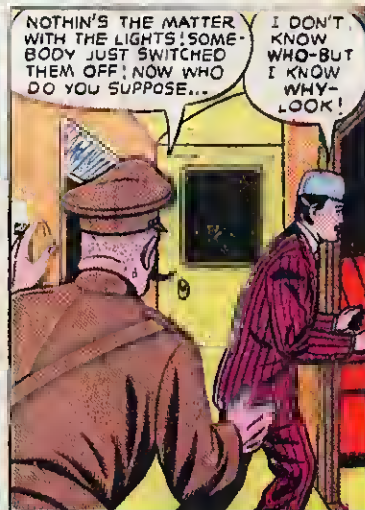
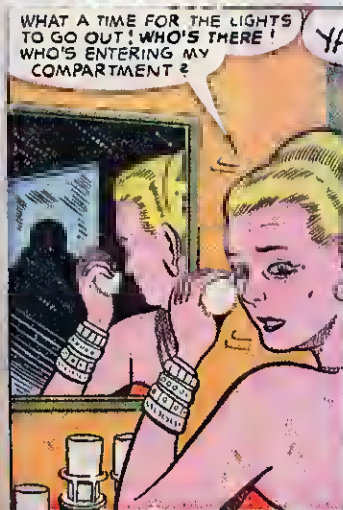
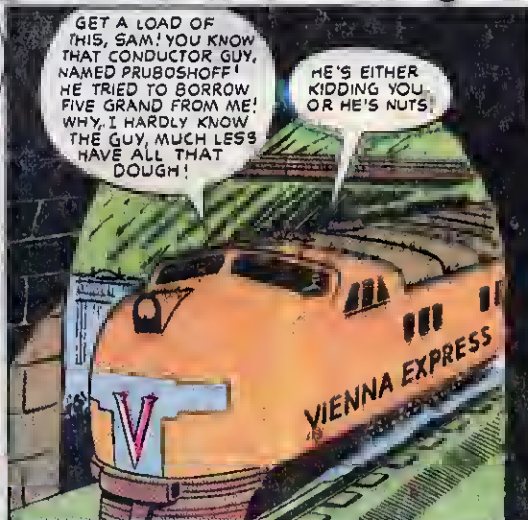
WHY-ER-HELLO INSPECTOR! I DIDN'T THINK I'D FIND YOU HERE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



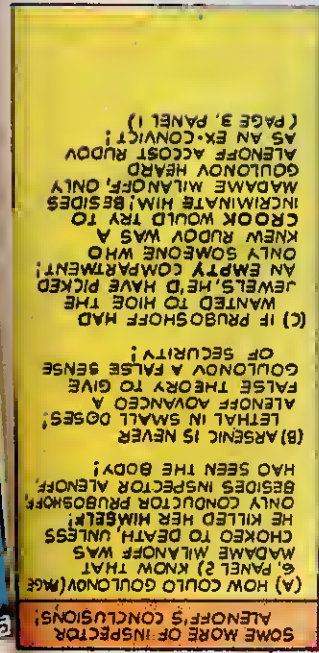
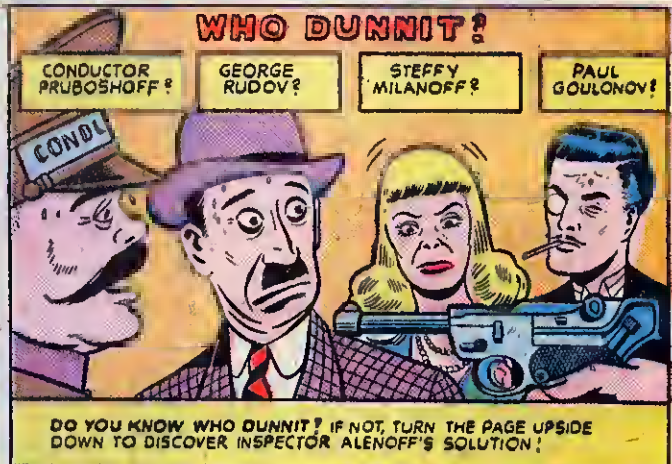
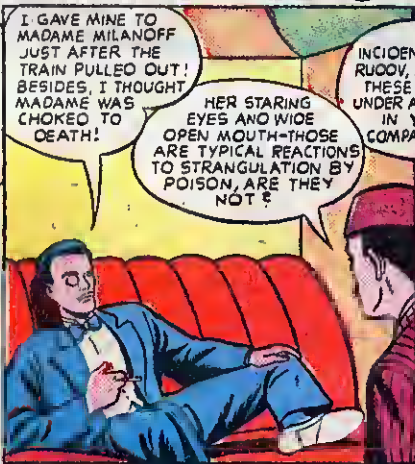
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK



IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!
LIGHTS MAGICALLY!
WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank **MAGICALLY LIGHT UP** just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



only
\$1.69



1. Put plunger at the way in



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger at the way in



4. Watch a magically light up

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. Send your order **NOW**.

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LITE CO. Dept. NF
Chicago, Ill. 429 West Superior St

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I am enclosing \$1.69 Send Juke Box Bank Please

Easy

TALK-SING-PLAY THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

WITH THE SUPER ROLEY HOME RADIO MIKE!

Money Back
Guarantee



ATTACHES TO ANY RADIO

Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials and "news flashes". Just flick the button on this professional, studio-type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with big stars. It's loads of fun, and good training, too! This professional-looking switch-button "mike" comes complete with long insulated cord. Everything complete, ready to attach in minutes.

SEND NO MONEY Examine, use this wonderful microphone at home, without risk. Send no money, just name and address. On arrival pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage, or send \$2.00 with order and save postage. Order Today!



SEYCO MIKE INC., Dept. ME-126
230 GRAND ST. NEW YORK 13, N.Y.

- ☐ Send Rokey Microphone C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$1.98 send postpaid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.

Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with any type of standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE—NEEDS NO SPECIAL "RECORDING TECHNIQUE."

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral leading attachment and complete easy to follow directions. You don't have to wait to hear what your record sounds like. Immediately you can play your new record and give yourself, your family, and friends a thrill on the spot. Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a cent. Mail coupon and we'll send complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER, C. O. D. for only \$8.49 plus postage and C. O. D.

... send \$8.49 and we pay postage.

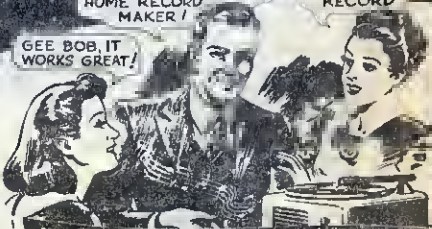
Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen (24 sides)



THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE HOME RECORD MAKER!

IT'S SO SIMPLE! LET ME MAKE A RECORD

GEE BOB, IT WORKS GREAT!



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

RECORDOGRAPH CORP. OF AMERICA, Dept. TE-126
230 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 6 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$8.49 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$8.49, send complete outfit postpaid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Amazing LOW Price only \$8.49 COMPLETE

Amazing 16mm MOVIE PROJECTOR Bargain!

SHOW MOVIES OF YOUR CHOICE AT HOME

There's lots of fun for young and old with this new easy to operate 16mm hand-operated movie projector. Cost is low—enjoyment high. Pays for itself in the first week's fun. See the big shows or use home movies, but, enjoy the fun in your own living room. Grand for the kids. AC or DC. It's years of fun for only \$6.98.

Send No Money \$6.98

Just send name and address and we ship C.O.D. plus postage or send \$6.98 and we ship postpaid.

Catalog of film available—included free.

HURRY—AVOID XMAS RUSH

Complete

SEND Today!

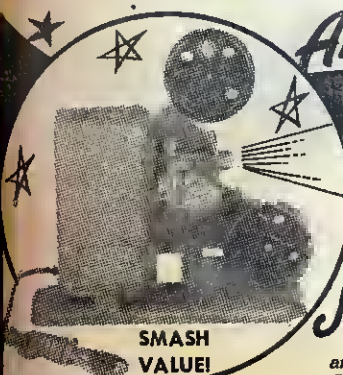
MAIL MART INC., Dept. PE-126
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

- ☐ Send Projector C.O.D. I will pay postman \$6.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$6.98, saving postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....



SMASH
VALUE!

- Easy to operate
- All metal construction
- Use ordinary electric bulb
- 50 Foot reel capacity
- Simple handwind operation

AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILFOLD BARGAIN!

BILFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN
Breath Taking Colors!

Your Choice
\$1.98
PLUS TAX



Style 536—Mexican Girl



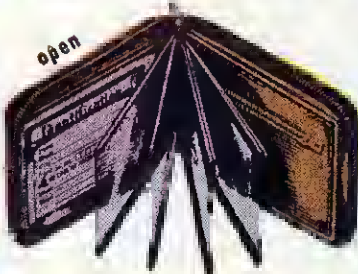
Style 537—Mexican Goucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



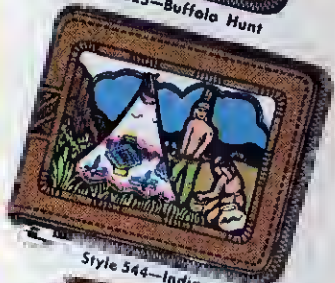
SENSATIONAL VALUE! A handsome all-around Zipper Bifold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these bifold. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



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Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



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You can have this beautiful three Color Social Security Plate with your bifold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

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Gentlemen, Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Bifold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus fed. tax and less cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return the bifold within ten days for refund.

MY BILFOLD SELECTION IS: _____ (give style number and subject)

If more than one Bifold is being ordered, state how many here: _____

MY NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE: _____